Vol. CXLIV. No. 1875

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THE BYSTANDER November 22, 1939

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The Bystander

Anthony

"Faun in Manhattan"—Walter Crisham and Gabrielle Brune

Every revue these days must have its bit of ballet, or its hit at ballet. The Gate Revue makes its contribution to this fashion extremely well with a gentle parody of transformation to a Manhattan roof-garden, of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. Walter Crisham, naturally faun-like, naturally a dancer, becomes a white-waistcoated Lichine before a backcloth on which the Faun himself reclines (lower right corner). His nymph, her tantalising veil a trailing chiffon handkerchief, is Gabrielle Brune. Together they move through the smooth angularities which the choreographer, William Chappell, has adapted from Nijinski's original. The Gate Revue owes no small part of its success to Crisham's versatile and sophisticated talent. Little Gabrielle Brune is an acquisition to the soubrette ranks, attractive to look at and possessing a charming voice, clear, true, and sympathetic

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE danger in the Low Countries seems to have abated a little (though of course, by the time this reaches you it may have flared up again). There is undoubtedly something in the German argument that they have so many troops that they must put them somewhere, and that it would be madness to concentrate them in a great mass behind the Siegfried Line to make a perfect target for aeroplanes. Let us hope that this is the real explanation of the concentrations on the Dutch frontier.

NATURALLY, whenever the question of Holland comes up, everybody asks: "How effective are the floods against enemy attack?" The answer is that, if aircraft can destroy the roads which run through the country which would be flooded, then the water would be a very serious obstacle indeed. If, on the other hand, the roads, which are raised on embankments, remain intact, then all one can say is that the floods would be a hindrance, but not an insuperable one.

HITLER'S refusal of the Belgian-Dutch offer of mediation was only to be expected. We had already made it clear that there were two essential conditions to any sort of peace conference, and those were the evacuation of Poland and the restoration of Czechoslovakia. Obviously the Nazis will not agree to these two conditions until they are compelled to do so by force of arms.

THE bombing of the Shetland Islands seems to be the low-water-mark of futility up to date. Whether or not the 'planes mistook the Shetlands for the Orkneys is a matter we probably will never discover, but if they really meant to attack the Shetlands, then one can only think that they wasted a good deal of petrol for no great military objective.

THE National Peace Council is very cross with Mr. Winston Churchill for calling the Germans "Huns" in his broadcast the other night. After the appalling barbarities of the Polish campaign, it is difficult to understand this attitude. Are we to fight this war protesting all the time what charming, quiet, decent, honest chaps the Germans are? Or are we to face the facts, and say that the vast mass of the German people have approved and applauded Herr Hitler's actions during the last five or six years, and therefore are fully qualified for Mr. Churchill's description of them?

AT last Sir Arthur Salter has been co-opted by the Government. During the last war he performed wonders at the Ministry of Shipping, and he was freely tipped to be Minister this time. Instead of that, Sir John Gilmour was given the post, to everyone's astonishment. Now, however, Sir Arthur is to be Parliamentary Under-Secretary. It 's a topsy-turvy world. That is all one can say about it.

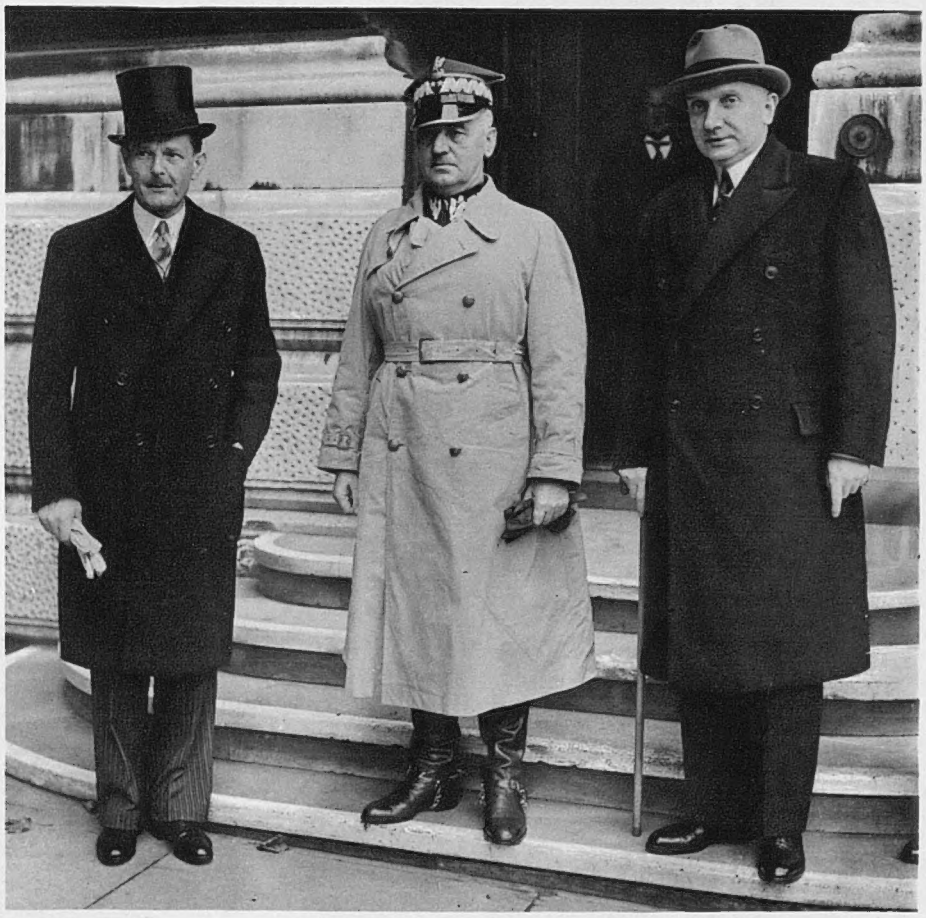
ONE of the Government's muddles is at last to be put right to some extent. The Office of Works is going to build huts for Civil Servants in order to release some of the commandeered hotels and schools. It is doubtful if the Civil Servants themselves will enjoy wintering in a hut rather than in a hotel, and it will be interesting to see to what extent the scheme is carried through before the spring. In any case, it is likely that a number of hotels have been irretrievably ruined already. I imagine it is not an easy matter to reassemble a whole staff once it has been dispersed to the four corners of the country.

THE throwing overboard of the Criminal Justice Bill by the Government is most unfortunate. The reason given is that the Parliamentary draftsmen have been overworked owing to war legislation, and that there is no time left. The Bill, therefore, is to wait, at any rate until the war is over. Actually, the real reason is the flogging clause. The diehards would put up a fight in both Houses to retain flogging, and so the Bill would become "controversial," and it has been agreed by all parties that controversial measures shall not be introduced. So the work of many years must still wait.

TIMES are bad in Harley Street. Many of the specialists have been mobilised on the comparatively modest pay of an R.A.M.C. officer, and are still saddled with their enormous overhead charges. Also a very high percentage of the Street's patients have left London, invalids who can afford Harley Street fees being naturally among the first to get away from the possibilities of air raids. Specialists in the Provinces must be doing a roaring trade.

THE manager of a big real estate company was telling me the other night of the extraordinary amount of thieving from empty or half-empty houses that is going on during the black-out. Taps, door handles, pipes, electric light fittings, even kitchen stoves, are being stolen in large quantities, and black-out curtains disappear from blocks of offices almost as quickly as they are put up. There is no doubt that the black-out offers fine opportunities to the criminal classes.

(Concluded on page 220)



***The Prime Minister of Poland** and three colleagues' visit to London from their headquarters in Angers occupied the whole of last week, included a luncheon at Buckingham Palace, dinners with the Prime Minister and (significant) with the Foreign Press Association, as well as conversations with our Ministers and Defence Chiefs. Herewith, after a call at the F.O., General Ladislaus Sikorski, Polish Prime Minister, War Minister and Commander-in-Chief (centre), M. August Zaleski, Foreign Minister (right), and Count Raczinski, Polish Ambassador in London. Gen. Sikorski, who took on the leadership of Poland in exile, was Prime Minister once in situ, 1922-24. Since Pilsudski's coup d'état, however, he had lived at variance with the government of his country, spending much time in Paris in voluntary exile. Now, for the second time in his life, he rallies to the cry, Niech żyje Polska! (long live Poland)*

The Queen Presents a Cross to Polish Guides

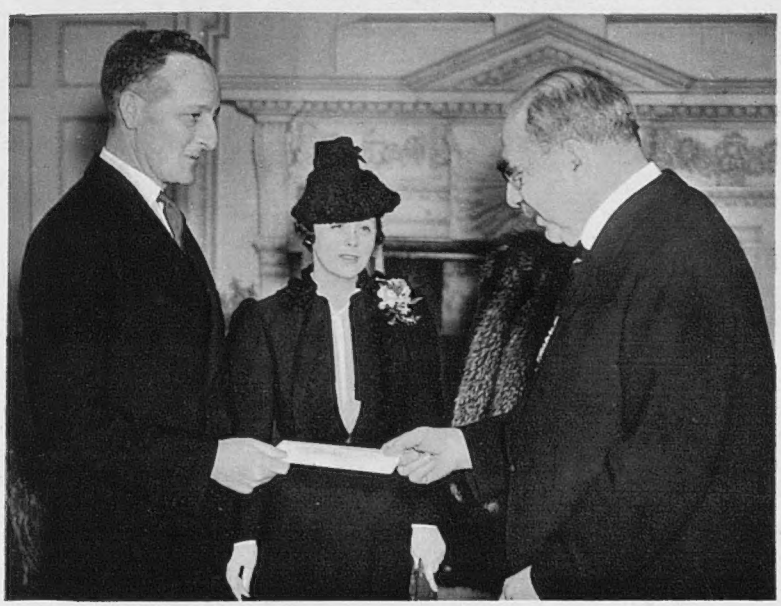
When the Queen paid a visit to the headquarters of the Girl Guides' Association in Buckingham Palace Road last Wednesday, she had presented to her Mme. Malkowska, the founder of the Polish Guides, who hopes to start schools and training centres for refugee Polish children here. For the great gallantry and practical help shown by Polish Girl Guides during the invasion of their country, the Queen presented a bronze cross to Mme. Malkowska, saying, "I give this to the Polish Guides, but it is you who have deserved it most"

The Duchess of Gloucester, by T. C. Dugdale

Mr. T. C. Dugdale himself varnished his portrait of the Duchess of Gloucester for the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' exhibition which opened last Friday at the Royal Institute Galleries. The portrait, showing H.R.H. in a Stuart tartan against a background of Scottish moor, and accompanied by Susan, her Australian terrier, is one of many portraits of — or by — women in the show, which include one of Stella Lady Reading, by Flora Lion, and one of Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge, by Lady Queensberry

News Reel

Portraits and Presentations



South Africa Presents Four Ambulance Units

Mr. Sydney Waterson, High Commissioner of South Africa in London, presented on behalf of the Union's Red Cross Association a cheque for £2000 to the Lord Mayor of London on behalf of his Red Cross Fund. This money is the first instalment on four ambulance units which will be named after the Union's four provinces, the Cape, Transvaal, Orange Free State, Natal. Mrs. Waterson looks on

Viscount Nuffield, by Herbert Holt

Pencil on ear, Mr. Johnny Blofield, a portrait varnisher of forty years' standing, prepares another portrait for the show at the Royal Institute Galleries: it is Mr. Herbert Holt's of Viscount Nuffield. Only last week Lord Nuffield made a further presentation of £50,000 for the benefit of the fighting forces, a kind of celebration, perhaps, of his appointment as Director-General of Maintenance at the Air Ministry earlier this month

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 218)

***A variety star** who got married last week was Billie Houston of the Houston Sisters (her partner, René, is entertaining troops now). Her husband is Paul Eve, an Australian, and they went to Hammersmith Register Office for the ceremony*

***A theatrical agent** who married an actress last week was Jack Dunfee, formerly a racing motorist, now of O'Bryen, Linnit and Dunfee, theatrical agents and managers. His bride was Sandra Storme and they registered as man and wife at Caxton Hall*

***A film producer** and actress made the third notable wedding in the entertainment world last week, namely, Ivan Scott, producer of the new screen journalism, "Point of View" films, and Wendy Weddell. Theirs was at Chelsea Old Church*

ONE by one the theatres creep back to life, although they had a nasty fright over the threat to Holland. As the weeks go by, if the sirens do not start blowing in London, business will almost have returned to its pre-war level. Now that torches and batteries are easier to get, people are becoming less and less afraid of the black-out.

***Princess Stefanie Hohenlohe-Waldenburg** had judgment and costs given against her by Mr. Justice Tucker last Wednesday after the hearing of her case against Lord Rothermere. She claimed damages for alleged breaches of agreement to employ her "to carry communications to, or conduct negotiations with, statesmen (including Herr Hitler) and royal personages on the Continent," and to clear her name when she was described in certain foreign newspapers as a spy, or "vamp," and an immoral woman*

IN the new show at the Hippodrome, *Black Velvet*, there is a variation of the "Joy-Plank" of earlier days. The young ladies come down into the stalls and offer themselves as dancing partners for a polka in the gangway. I suppose it's all part of the march of progress, but many old-timers like myself will sigh for a return of the old Joy-Plank, even though we may never again see Shirley Kellogg leading the girls into action down it.

A BRILLIANT new "turn" at the Players' Theatre Club (at present housed at the Arts Theatre) was provided last week by the manager himself, Mr. Leonard Sachs, who brought the house down with an impersonation of a Victorian actor reciting "The Bells," the poem of Edgar Allan Poe. It was a remarkable tour de force. Incidentally, Mr. Sachs announced that the Joys are not after all going to France—having been adjudged "too highbrow" for the troops by the powers who look after these things. The troops' loss is our gain.

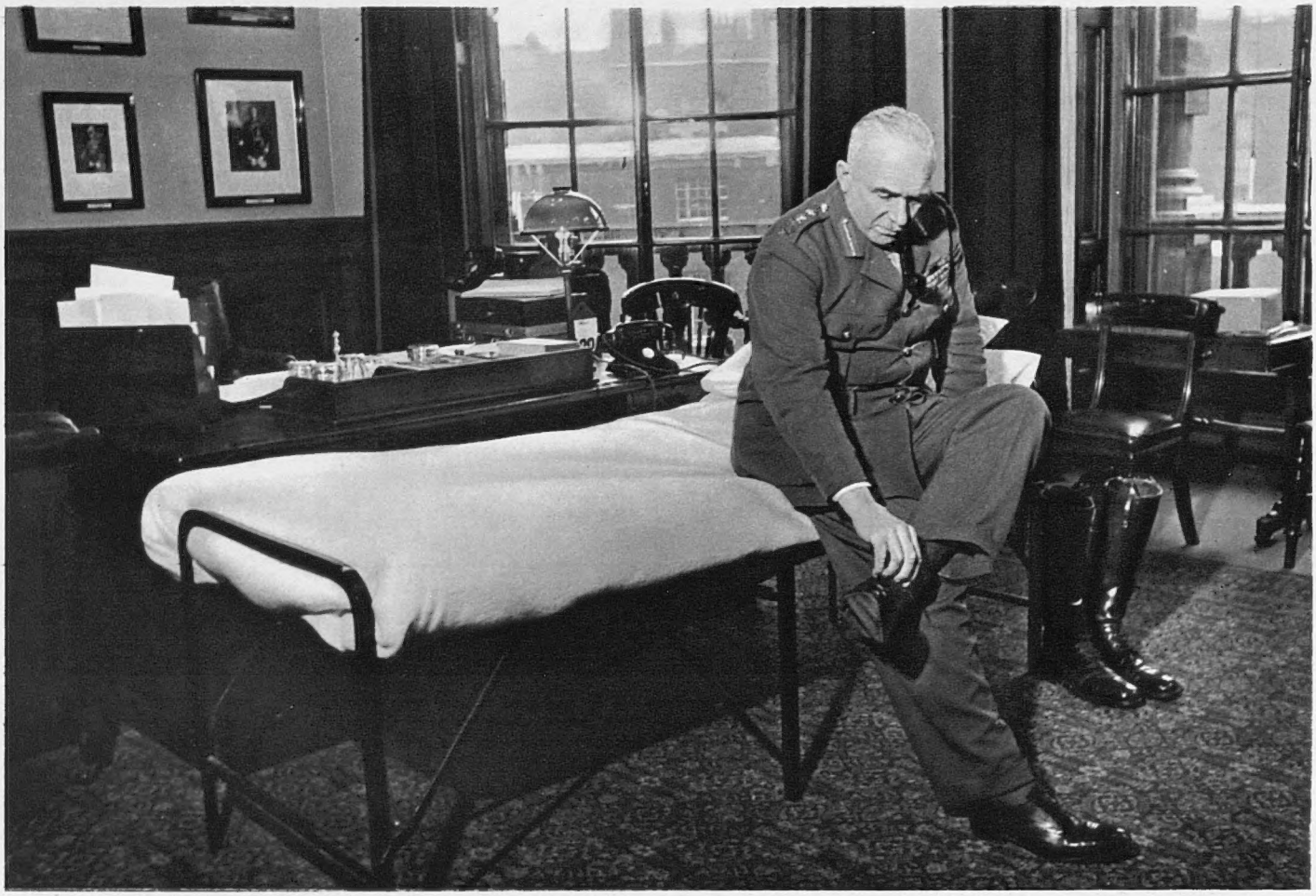
I WENT the other night to see *Young England*, and laughed myself almost into hysterics. I went a second time and found it extremely boring. It seems to me, in fact, to be a superb joke for one visit, but not a joke to be repeated. A good deal of the effect was lost owing to the laborious efforts of one of the principal actors to invent new lines when the audience repeated his lines for him beforehand.

THE Rugby Football Union has announced that during the war, Rugby League players serving in the Forces will be allowed to play in matches between Union clubs and the Services. That is to say, ex-professionals, who have joined up, may play with amateurs. Wales has followed suit in this very sensible and broad-minded attitude. At first the Scottish Rugby Union refused to follow suit. Almost at once there was trouble. A Scottish regiment the other day chose a League player to play against Hawick. An official objected, and the soldiers unanimously and rightly called the match off. Now Scotland has changed its mind.

MEMBERS of the London Library will regret deeply the death of Mr. G. E. Manwaring at the early age of fifty-seven. He was the Assistant Librarian, and had an extraordinary knowledge of the books in the library. It was very seldom indeed that he could not answer a question instantly, and the rarest thing in the world, on the few occasions when he did not know the answer, that he had no useful suggestion to make. And his zeal in hunting for obscure books was tireless.

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY is a hard worker and no mistake. It is not so long since his second volume of autobiography was published, and now comes a full-length, 400-page novel. Part of *Let the People Sing* was broadcast in instalments a couple of months ago, and I personally did not think the experiment successful. In fact, it seemed to me to be a boring book. Oddly enough, now that it has appeared in its proper form, it turns out to be very good indeed, and not boring for one moment. The moral is that books are books and should be allowed to remain so.

BY far the best evacuee story comes from the *Manchester Guardian*. Two small boys, evacuated to the Lake District, trudged bravely several miles into Grasmere and demanded to be shown the grave of Mr. Woolworth. When the situation had been explained to them, they indignantly declined to waste any valuable time over such nonentities as mere poets, and they stumped off home again.

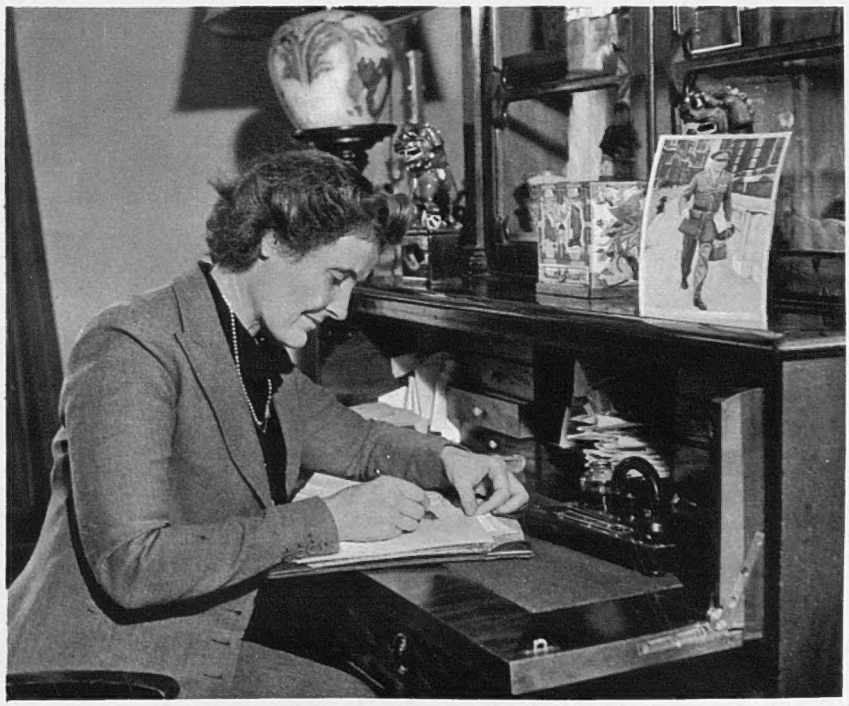


Since his appointment to Lord Gort's vacated post as Chief of the Imperial General Staff on the outbreak of war, Gen. Sir Edmund Ironside's only home has been the War Office. For over ten weeks he has slept on an austere iron bedstead in his room overlooking Whitehall. Every day he changes his shoes for a pair of shining boots and goes for a brief ride in the Row. And every day he fills and refills his pipe a great number of times

The Ironsides at War

The C.I.G.S. and His Wife and Daughter

Miss Elspeth Ironside, only daughter of the C.I.G.S., has been promoted since war began from private to corporal in the A.T.S. She is chauffeur to another soldier, General Sir Walter Kirke, C.-in-C., Home Forces



Lady Ironside is living at her home, Hingham, in Norfolk, works hard for the Red Cross, spends much time at her desk, writing to her absent husband, son and daughter. She married her Scottish husband in 1915 when he was a Major, was Mariot Ysobel Cheyne, the daughter of a soldier in the Indian Staff Corps

Beginning —

SANITY FARE

The War Week by Week

In convoy: this picture, taken from one of the ships of a convoy in the North Sea, shows how its members close in on nightfall to maintain contact. Besides British merchant vessels, many foreigners are now accepting convoy escorts against the dwindling but ever-present U-boat menace

By DOUGLAS REED

Author of "Insanity Fair"

War to Begin War?

SINCE the war to end war ended, half-a-dozen countries have fallen victim to the new kind of war—undeclared war. Either by the threat or making of war they were taken, but war was never declared, and was even indignantly denied to be intended or in progress. Thus, for years, wars were made without being declared. We have invented something new; we have declared war, but are not making it. Is this phase, now nearly three months old, transient, a pause for loin-girding and sparring for position? Or is it the beginning of a long, long beleaguerment; have we returned to the siege warfare of old? The countenance of this war, if it is war, suggests it; the men-at-arms, with their heavy helmets, visors and armour; and the great fortresses of the Siegfried and Maginot Lines, among which the shade of Vauban might contentedly wander.

Defence is the Best Form . . .

NEW military maxims for old. For us, to-day, the best form of attack may be defence. Captain Liddell-Hart foresaw this, and I think he is being proved right.

For my part, I would cheerfully endure the spiritual black-out of this war—which is much worse than the other black-out—for ten years, if a real peace could be won (for I do not think this war can be won in the Waterloo sense of a routed enemy and captured Hitler) without the sacrifice of a new British generation. The last was sacrificed on the bloody altars of the Somme and Passchendaele, and what commander of to-day, casting his mind's-eye back to the endless parade of khaki and powder-blue figures that tramp, tramp, tramped through dusty or muddy countrysides vainly to be flung against the massive German lines, would care to try or carry Hitler's West Wall by assault to-day?

Besiege and Besiegen

IF General Gamelin and Lord Gort think like this—as they may, to judge by the course of the war as yet—who would gainsay them? Perhaps "besiege" may be the keyword of victory; in German, *besiegen* means to defeat! If we besiege tenaciously enough, Hitler, in time, can be *besiegt*—by the enemy within his walls. That is his weakest point. The one surprise of this war to me, as yet, has been that this enemy has shown his hand twice in the first two months of the war—by a raid on the Koenigswusterhausen radio station and by the Munich bomb. I thought the grip of the Secret Police and the Black Guards upon the German population to be vice-like enough to prevent any such exploit until the war was much older, the people much hungrier, and the belief in Hitler's invincibility much weaker.

The Shape of Things . . .

IN 1936, in a memorandum I wrote for the paper that then employed me, I said that war with Germany would become inevitable unless we forestalled Germany for out-arming us, and showed that we would oppose by arms any attempt to make territorial changes by arms; and that this war could only end in a quick German victory or in a long, exhausting campaign the final outcome of which none could foretell.

Hitler has lost for ever the chance, if it ever existed, of the quick snap victory. Long stalemate in the West seems to impend, or to have begun. But inside that stalemate things have gone better, even much better for us than I expected. The submarine campaign has been crippled, the few air-raiders that have approached our coasts have suffered heavy loss, we have had time to make and mend and prepare; Hitler's enemies at home seem to be rising from their slough of despond.

More important than all, he has no allies. I foresaw that, in the decisive moment, he would turn to Russia—but I thought he would never enter this war without Russia, or in the alternative, Italy, as a full military ally. He has not Russia, at any rate as yet, and without her he will not, save in desperation, attack in the West. Will he yet wed Germany to Russia, only so that Germany may, as a pre-Hitler politician once foretold, play in Europe the part of Samson?

So What?

A FEW months before this war began I asked a most able German what, in his view, would be its outcome. He paused, and then said: "If you attack us, you will be beaten." This, I believe, is the exact key to Hitler's mind. He hoped, after he had completed his defences by the seizure of the Rhineland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, by diplomatic strategy yet to split France from Great Britain, and then to attack this country alone; but if that failed, he meant to sit tight behind his West Wall and wait for them to attack him. For this reason, in his speeches in 1938, he repeatedly laid stress on the rapid progress that was being made with the West Wall (or Siegfried Line).

Now each side wishes the other to attack—and neither will.

A faint possibility of securing the same end—the sundering of France and Great Britain—by military means is offered by a German attack on Holland. The French and British armies in France would remain cut off, by Belgium, from the German forces; Belgium might cling to the hope of a blessed neutrality desperately enough to resist an Allied

advance through her territory; and German air and naval forces operating from Dutch territory, so near our shores, could do enormous damage.

But the risks are too great—the whole house-of-cards rests on Belgian neutrality—and I do not think that Hitler will attack in the West, at any rate, before the spring, by which time so much of his advantage will have been lost that, failing the full military alliance with Russia, this would be a desperate, probably suicidal, venture.

What Lies Ahead?

I ABHOR the wishbone, the horoscope, numerology, crystal-gazing, and the various other aids to wishful thinking which have been so fashionable in this country of recent years, and did so much to bring this war about, and I only hope I am not developing this mental disease when I say that the prospects of the siege seem better to me than I expected, better even than we deserve. If Hitler wants siege warfare, he can hold out a long time, but we can hold out longer. On the other hand, knowing the men who rule Germany as I do, I cannot bring myself to hope that they will not, one day, stake everything on a gambler's chance, cost what it may in blood; if I am wrong about this, I shall be the happiest wrong man that ever was. They *have*, after all, the enormously powerful military machine that they have built to this very end; they will all have, if the war outlook becomes foreboding, their powerful aeroplanes standing ready to take them to Finland, Capri, Spain, or wherever else exile is pleasantest; and why should they not fight to the last German front-line soldier, in an extremity?

The Piping Times?

PEACE still seems too far off for so many words to be spent on it, but it is depressing to read and hear some of them, and to be haunted, through them, by the fear that, if and when peace is won, it may again only be an armed truce, a fictitious peace, giving the trouble-maker the possibility to start again five, or ten, or twenty years later. One simple idea should guide this peace, or it will be no peace: Germany must not in future be enabled to alter the map of Europe by the threat or use of war, and if she does, force must *immediately*—and not at the fifth or sixth recurrence—be used to prevent her. Unless that idea prevails, this war will be as vain as the last, our calvary will continue.

The Churchill Speech

THE measure of the fear in which the Nazi leaders hold Mr. Churchill is their especial hatred of him. His broadcast speech—save for the use of the term "Huns," which I regretted and thought below the level of the rest—was the first that I have heard for many years in which a foreign statesman has used words that the whole German nation will understand and respect. They are the most reasonable, and among the most likeable people on earth as long as they know that a blow will be met with a blow; as long as they are allowed to doubt that, they are the most ruthless.

How to spend the war: *in front of the traditional blazing log-fire in a panelled room, well fed and supplied with cigarettes and the daily papers, these German officer prisoners of war seem to demonstrate that there are more advantages than one in "living to fight another day." Into the panelling they have pinned a photograph of their Führer (right of mantel)*

The Army Gives and Takes: Plus Horses — Minus Kilts

Directly below is a picture of a spot of trouble for volunteers in training with the R.A.S.C., showing that you can take a horse to the water, but . . . This mounted section have stuck branches into their horses' equipment and qualify thus as a camouflaged section. The bottom picture is one of a famous Highland regiment mourning their kilts with a skirl on the pipes

In Paris, Too

The Theatres are Reopening

Mireille, *a bride in trousers, heads this page of pictures taken during rehearsals for the first important first night of wartime Paris. She was acting in "Fausse Alerte," one of the short Guitry plays of the programme. Paris theatres, like London, are reacting against "le bleu" (blackout), after a first retreat, with considerable activity*

Geneviève Guitry, *Sacha's new and third wife (she was Mlle. de Serréville), made her stage debut in the Guitry show with a distinguished bunch of sponsors. She had previously had small film parts. Here, in her dressing-room*

Sacha Guitry *was the moving spirit in the first big Paris stage premiere of the war. The show comprised his new "Une Paire de Gifles" and "Fausse Alerte" ("A Couple of Slaps"; "False Alarm"), both witty trifles perfectly handled by their brilliant cast. With Guitry here, and with gas-mask, is Victor Boucher, who was replaced finally by André Brulé*

Elvire Popesco and Gaby Morlay, *here torched and hooded, completed the list of talent in the show, whose proceeds were given to the French Red Cross. Takings were almost doubled by the sale of the manuscripts of the pieces given*

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

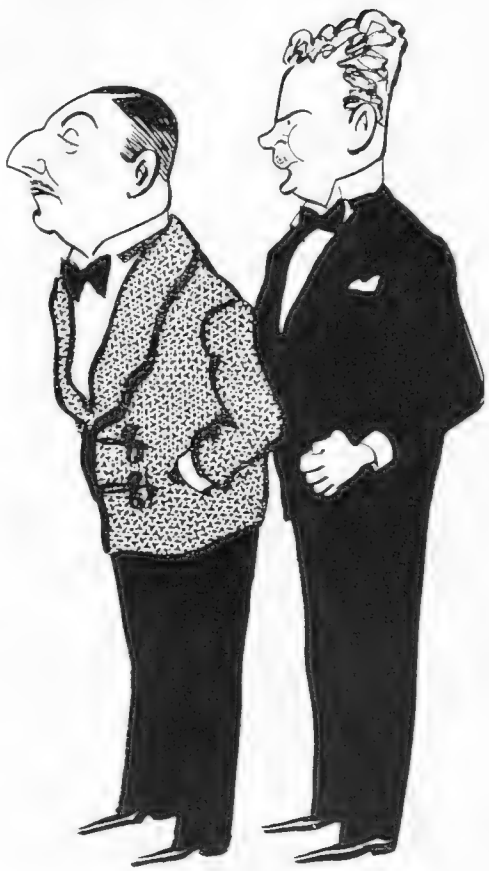
Pro-Shale : Enid Stamp-Taylor, Veronica Rose, Martin Case

"His Majesty's Guest" (Shaftesbury)

THIS "comedy with drama" starts slowly with a heavy bombardment of ponderous epigrams, unsparklingly delivered by young ladies who have obviously learnt them by heart rather than invented them ; in the course of which we learn that we are about to meet Sir John Shale, Bt., who has just been let out of prison after doing a long stretch for forging his brother's signature to four cheques. This news is not unwelcome, for the programme informs us that the part of Sir John Shale, Bt., is to be played by Mr. Tom Walls. We look forward, as some compensation for the dialogue, to another of the amusingly blunt sharpers Mr. Walls has so often so entertainingly portrayed. Has he not proved himself the best liar since Hawtrey ?

WHEN, however, Mr. Walls at length appears, our expectations are sadly dashed. We ask of Mr. Walls that he should cog, that he should cozen, that he should dupe the foolish, that he should outwit the wise, that he should extricate himself from tight corners he thoroughly deserves to be in. We do not ask of him that he should bid for our affection by appearing in one of those sympathetic parts beloved of the actor-managers of yester year. Which, if ever there was one, this is.

Why, otherwise, should he defend pretty, characterless girls from the predatory attacks of financial scoundrels, and win the hand of one of them in the end ? Why, otherwise, should it be intimated to us that behind the four forgeries for which he was imprisoned lies a story which, an it were divulged, would redound glamorously to his credit ? (It never *is* divulged, but invention, no doubt, must stop somewhere.) Why, otherwise, should Sir John Shale, Bt., the character played by Mr. Walls, be the only one in the play with a title—for which elevation the action provides no reason at all ?



Anti-Shale : Archibald Batty, Michael Shepley

Sketches by Rouson

Sir John Shale, gentleman crook, and complice valet : Tom Walls, Bryan Herbert

Beware, O actors and actresses, of the monster Sympathy ! Reflect on the many it has lured from the heights where once they capered to the ravines where now they languish ! And bear in mind that it is not the heroes, depending basely on their virtue, but the scallywags, with nothing to commend them, who are loved for themselves alone.

THERE are two scallywags in *His Majesty's Guest*, acted by Mr. Archibald Batty and Mr. Michael Shepley ; and even though they have no titles, win no girls, and boast no secret self-sacrificing pasts, I must say that I would rather spend an evening with them than with Sir John Shale, Bt. Which is a shame, seeing that Mr. Walls is far and away the best actor in this on the whole rather uninspiring cast. There is a delightful little performance of an old "lag" by Mr. Bryan Herbert, whose name is new but, I suspect, will soon be very familiar to me. In him, at all events, Mr. Walls has picked a winner.

Films of the Day

Tired Films for Tired Men

By George Campbell

WHAT 's wrong with us ?—this generation of film fans, I mean. Why all this whimsy and crazy comedy and Cinderella stuff ? It 's the war, people say vaguely ; nights are dark, nerves are strained and taxes high ; we need something (in the good old phrase) to take us out of ourselves. In other words, we 're all escapists, spiritual Houdinis, and the movies are the mechanism that 's supposed to do the trick.

Escapists we may be, but I don't believe in the war theory, if only because the films we are seeing now were made, or at least planned, long before the war started. The only explanation I can offer is the old one—that the British public (and I presume the American public) just hate to think. There is a type of business man of whom it is said that, after a nice stimulating chat about toll rights, you can sell him Battersea Bridge. And it is the same in the world of entertainment. The average man, l'homme moyen sensuel, will buy anything, always provided the girls are shapely and the plot doesn't make his poor head ache.

Should you inquire about his tastes he will pause, before setting out for Sandy Lodge, to explain that though he doesn't know much about dramatic art, he knows what he likes, by gad ; and he will add, on reflection, that after a hard day at the office a feller needs a little recreation. The highbrow curls a lip, but the showman is respectful. He has to be. For here is a fair representative of the legion that makes or breaks shows—the Tired Business Men, who must not be asked to think.

OF four new films, two are British and two American ; and they range from bad to worse. At the top of the list is Mr. Alexander Korda's *Over the Moon*. This has its points, and might qualify for a different class if the plot did not contrive to be both antique and whimsy, in the worst Barrie manner. At the bottom is the Crazy Gang's *The Frozen Limits*, which I should pass over in dignified silence if only there were something else to write about. I know there are two schools of thought on this subject, but I am one of those who hold that a critic must live.

Perhaps the oddest thing about *Over the Moon* is its authorship. If you remember Robert E. Sherwood's *The Petrified Forest* and *Idiot's Delight*, and Lajos Biro's *The Last Command*, you may share my wonderment that two writers of genuine distinction should have produced such a featherweight of a story, carefully denuded of every semblance of a new idea.

Basically, of course, it is *Cinderella*—the story which, according to old showmen, has never been known to fail. You might just as well say that sausage-and-mash has never been known to fail. It may be true, of one sausage and one mash ; but as a steady, unvaried diet it is a failure, in the opinion of many people, practically all the time.

THIS particular Cinderella lives in Yorkshire, and her grandfather, after keeping her in such seclusion that she has reached maturity without ever tasting champagne, dies and leaves her eighteen millions. This she begins to spend so fast that I soon began to fear she wouldn't know where to lay her hand on an odd million. She buys frocks and gets drunk and brings home a couple of gigolos—two, you notice, which just shows what it means to a girl to come from Yorkshire ; she wants to buy a yacht and gamble at Monte Carlo and present a hospital to her poor young doctor friend. When she starts buying him pyjamas displayed by a male mannequin, to go with her dressing-gown or something, the doctor takes a bad view of the marriage state. He quits.

But don't worry. By the time they meet in Switzerland, his rugged pride is becoming less intolerable, or her millions less repulsive ; in Venice they are reclining in the same gondola while a magnificently moustachioed gondolier gloats sentimentally over what he takes to be a honeymoon ; and (this being the nice clean whimsy that it is) they promptly decide they cannot let the fellow down.

Perhaps this does less than justice to a confection prettily coloured, with one or two nice flavours of its own. I have never seen the conventional silly ass played so engagingly as he is in this film by Mackenzie Ward, evolving the most asinine clichés with the sincerity and pride of original creation ; and Peter Haddon gives a superb little impression of that other familiar figure, the fashionable interior decorator. Arthur Wimperis's dialogue has wit, and at least one inexpert observer found the frocks easy to look at.

"GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS" is just another crazy comedy, given comic quality by the situations and a certain grace by the acting of Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell, agreeably restrained.

About *The Frozen Limits*, with the Crazy Gang as prospectors in the Klondyke, I cannot write, for after a disturbed twenty minutes I fell into a soothing slumber. But perhaps that is a form of criticism, too.

"Good Girls Go to Paris": "where do good Americans go when they die?" asks a Wilde character. "To Paris," is the reply, and that shows that American ideas haven't changed so much ; for this film, which went to the Regal ten days back, is not the first, and almost certainly not the last with a subsidiary Paris as setting, background, or aim for American jollification. In this case Paris is only the aim, the young couple sailing thither in the last 500 feet of this amusing, undistinguished film, noticed by our critic on this page. Here they are, Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas

A hundred and eighty-four *pictures and sculptures by members of the British Art Centre are being shown in the first exhibition. In the group of paintings on the left are "Portrait," by Dorothy Travers-Smith (140); "Hampshire Farm," by Derek Hill (142); "Trees at Corner," by Frederick Gore; "Chelsea Garden," by Marjorie Croft (141); "The Fern," by Lynton Lamb; "Composition," by Michael Rothenstein. Prices of exhibits run from 4 guineas for a water-colour, up to 250 guineas for Loris Rey's sculpture, 350 guineas for Augustus John's "Jamaican Girl." The Centre is open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. as a gallery; from 4 p.m. to 10 p.m. as a club for members only. There are already over 500 members. (More pictures of the exhibition are in the next two pages)*

Photographs by Tunbridge

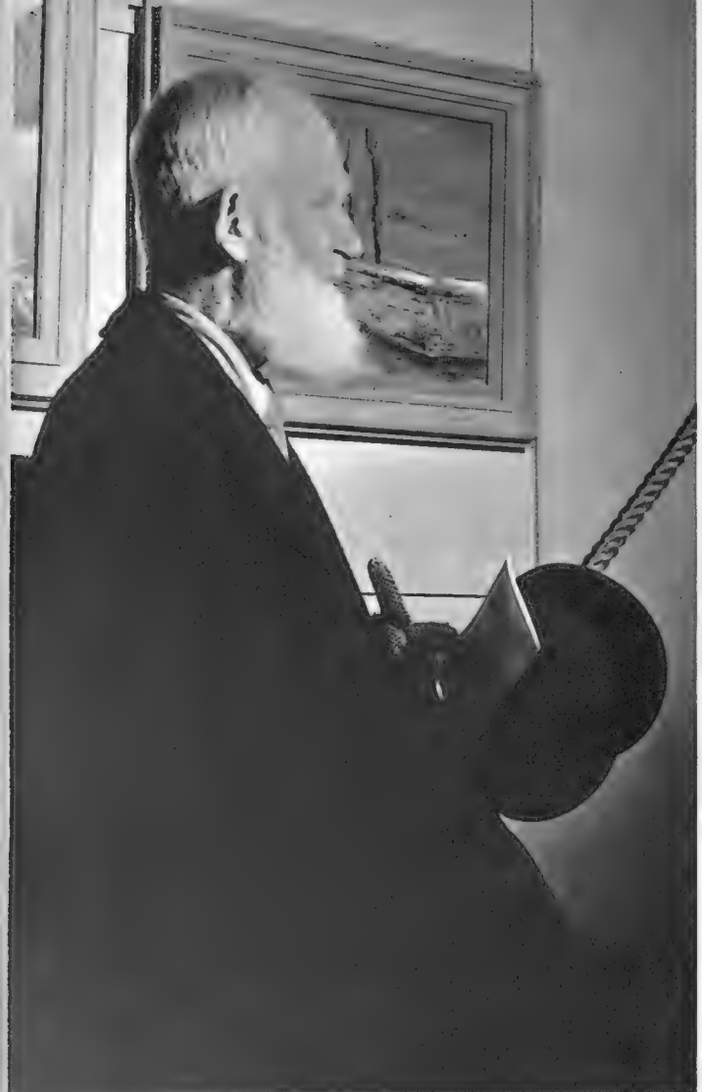
Art Experiment

The British Art Centre Holds Its First Exhibition at the Stafford Gallery in St. James's Place

Opening speeches *were made by Kenneth Lindsay, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, and A. P. Herbert, M.P., a member of the B.A.C. Honorary Committee. Mr. Lindsay expressed the interest the Board of Education is showing in this enterprise, and said "I hope shortly to be able to express something which is more than mere interest." Mr. Herbert, who has already pleaded for a Government Department of Arts, repeated his plea, but was glad that Mrs. Story had not waited for Whitehall to make the first move to assist and preserve contemporary art. He also apologised for his speech, unrehearsed because a "yellow warning" had got him out of bed and on to the river (as a river policeman)*

Mrs. Ala Story, *founder and now organising secretary of the British Art Centre, is herself the daughter of an Austrian soldier, Colonel W. von Heyszenau. After five years at the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts, she came to England, aged nineteen, and decided that here she would live and work. She soon had a job at the Beaux Arts Gallery, and for the last twelve years has worked in various London galleries, including the Wertheim, Redfern, Storran; has also organised big international exhibitions, including one in Canada, one in New York. She started work on her idea of a British Art Centre in the first disorganised days of the war, giving it a home in the (basement level) Stafford Gallery which she opened last year. Beside her in this hanging-day photograph is Dora Gordine's "Nude"*

Art Experiment (Continued)

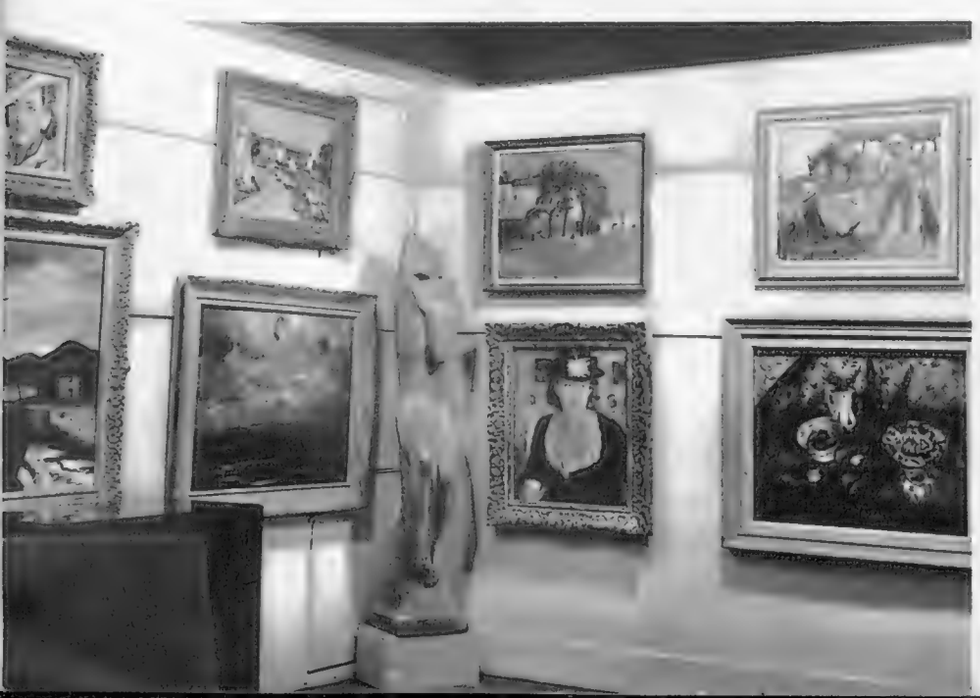


Vice-Chairman *of the British Art Centre is Duncan Guthrie, examining the catalogue here with Mrs. Story herself. He came to the opening in his special constable's uniform; he has a beat near the B.B.C. Behind them is Henry Lamb's "Village Street," which also appears below, left*

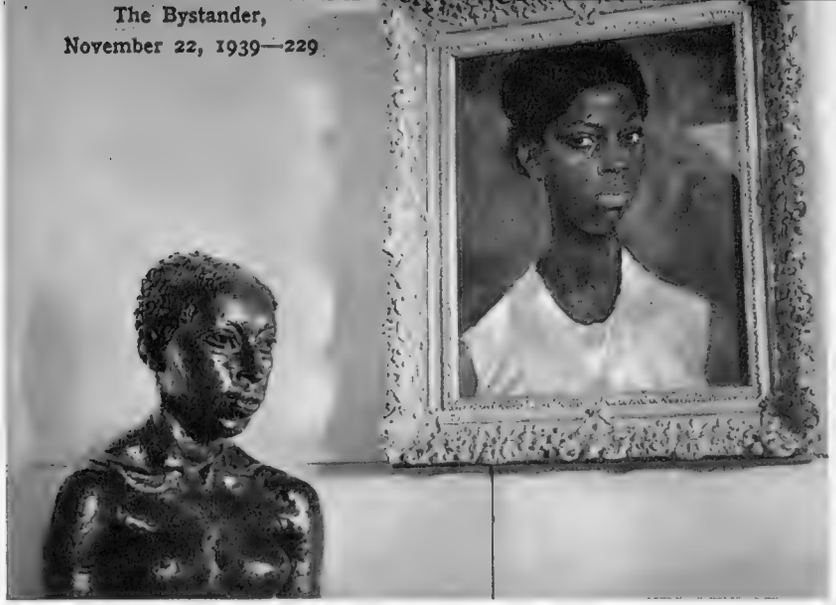
George Bernard Shaw *is one of the life-members of the British Art Centre, and attended the opening at the Stafford Gallery ten days ago. He was just asking the organising secretary, Mrs. Ala Story, a searching question: "How do you make this place pay?"*

Photographs by Tunbridge

The pictures *below are (top row): "Portrait," by Elizabeth Polunin; "Village Street," by Henry Lamb; "Trees by the Seine," by Lucy Elphinstone; "Once in Spain," by Jan Gordon; (bottom row) "Humalong Harbour," by M. Geddes; "Hampshire," by Edna Ginesi; "Daphne Charlton," by Fairlie Harmar; "Still Life," by Roland Suddaby. The sculpture is "Boy," by W. Soukop*



Gertrude Hermes *has one exhibit, the sculpture behind her, of her two children, Judith and Simon. On the left is "Young Girl," by Ethel Walker; on the right is part of Keith Baynes' "Liberty Horses"*



***Exhibits** by two masters are interestingly shown side by side: Epstein's "Negress," for which he is asking 150 guineas, and Augustus John's "Jamaican Girl," at 350 guineas, the highest-priced exhibit in the show. Epstein is the only sculptor-member with two exhibits; he is also showing his "Baby"*

***Elliott Seabrooke** shows two of his pictures. This one is "From Lepe House, Southampton," which is priced at 50 guineas. His other exhibit is a Hampshire landscape*

***B. Howitt Lodge** wore the only velvet coat at the B.A.C. opening. Behind him (right) is his "On the Welsh Coast," and below it is Vera Waddington's "Flowers in the Blackout"*

***Clifford Hall** was also photographed in front of his picture, "Thames at Walton." Next to it is a little of Nadia Benois' serene "Yorkshire Landscape"*

The British Art Centre is one of several interesting wartime experiments which the artistic world has been stimulated to make. Its originator is Mrs. Ala Story, and she is backed by a strong honorary committee of art patrons, among them Lord Berners, Lord Hambleden, Lord Alington, Sir Evan Charteris, Captain Victor Cazalet, Sir Hugh Walpole. Sir Kenneth Clark is a life member. Among the 500 artist members appear the names of most of the leading painters and sculptors of the day. Monthly exhibitions of work by members will be shown at the Stafford Gallery, and Mrs. Story hopes to send exhibitions on tour in the provinces and, if possible, overseas. As a club, the B.A.C. will arrange lectures, build up a library, offer a permanent address for members, and above all, serve as a centre of information and a meeting-place for all artists. Profits are to be given to the Contemporary Art Society for the purpose of buying works by members of the B.A.C. A. P. Herbert, who spoke at the opening, wrote recently that "the Board of Education does not seem to care much more about [the artist] than the Board of Trade." But Kenneth Lindsay's presence and speech (see p. 227) offered a welcome contradiction to Mr. Herbert's accusation that "over a large area of our governors the arts are still regarded as jokes, luxuries or vices"

***Peter Stebbing**, who is beside his "Flowers" (right), took his fiancée, Pauline Sitwell, of the Manor House, Leighton Buzzard, to the opening of the B.A.C.*

A French film-actor *who has played in some of the best, most naturalistic of French pictures, as Gabin has, looks like a French actor in a French film even when he is an ordinary sailor hanging out his very ordinary washing*

Pépé le Moko, *cigarette as usual stuck in the corner of his mouth, draws a pan of drinking water. He ought to be planning a (film) murder or a meeting with the lovely (film) heroine. He was probably thinking about his next meal*

Le Quai des Brumes *had no more photographically dramatic shot in it than this one of Gabin slouching down a corridor at the naval station to which he has been assigned*

La Bête Humaine *comes into the raftered mess for his midday meal. Only when the post arrives is Gabin marked out from his comrades. Then he good-humouredly sits down to sign photographs and reply to his fan mail*

Star Into Matelot

Jean Gabin Now Serves His Country in the French Navy

If the French film industry organised a poll in England for "your favourite film-actor," Jean Gabin would come somewhere very near heading the list. Maybe women's votes would put him at the top. He is Parisian by birth, and thirty-five years old. His magnificent performance in *La Bête Humaine* gives significance to a childish ambition to be an engine-driver. But his parents were both on the stage, and on the stage he went, starting his career in the Folies Bergère. He soon gave that up, and migrated to the films, making his screen debut in *Chacun Sa Chance*. In the last three or four years his big pictures (at the Academy, Curzon and Paris) have been *Pépé le Moko*, *La Grande Illusion*, *Le Quai des Brumes* (which won the 1938 Dulluc Prize, awarded yearly by a jury of twenty-two French critics), *La Bête Humaine*. Still to be seen in England are *Le Récif de Corail* (The Coral Reef), with Michele Morgan, and *Le Jour se Lève*. And that will be all until after the war, since star Jean Gabin is now Fusilier Jean Moncargé, of the French Navy

On guard, *with fixed bayonet, Fusilier Jean Moncargé looks out over the dunes at the sea to which he now belongs. In private life he spent most of his spare time on a farm which he owns outside Paris. Off-set publicity pictures generally showed him there among his animals, leading the kind of tough, outdoor life which suits his physique and temperament*

"Où donc *ai-je vu cette tête-là?" One of his comrades thought he and the newcomer had served together in the Jeanne d'Arc a year or two ago. Another remembered a great evening ashore when leave began and was sure Moncargé had been in the party. But they were all wrong, as some know-all soon pointed out: it was Jean Gabin, the film-actor, whose face seemed so familiar*

Three Dramatic Schools in One

Sadler's Wells Takes on the Training of Actors and Actresses

"The will! The testament!" cries the youthful Roman mob in that classic of crowd scenes, "Julius Cæsar," Act III., Scene II. "You will compel me then to read the will?" asks Antony, in the person of Michael Miles. On the chair lies the "ruins of the noblest man," in the person of Joan Sandham. Miss Eileen Thorndike, in charge of the performance, stands at the right (she is Sybil Thorndike's sister)

***Cæsars and Plebs** mingle after class in the Pit Bar of the Wells, well known to all pilgrims to Rosebery Avenue. This table of lunchers gets a visit from "the Head," producer John Fernald. As in most schools devoted to the arts, the atmosphere at the Wells is quite informal*

WHATEVER the war has done in splitting up Europe, it has unified a section of the dramatic instruction of London. Early in October it was announced that the Old Vic Dramatic School, the London Studio and the London Mask Theatre School would join forces and continue as the Sadler's Wells School of Acting, with headquarters at that theatre. The directors of the school are George Devine, Thane Parker and Tyrone Guthrie, who this year was made director of the Old Vic and of Sadler's Wells theatres. The principal is John Fernald, whose staff includes Herbert Scott (voice production) and Suria Magito (dancing, movement and mime); Guthrie and Michael MacOwan and other producers join in the teaching when they can. The course lasts a year of three terms. These pictures were taken at the Wells soon after the opening of the new school

***Elocution** is demonstrated for the un-hearing photograph by Sheila Bell, who also shows she isn't camera-shy*

***Shaw as well as Shakespeare** is a stand-by for try-overs in the dramatic school. On the left, William Abney as de Baudricourt and Myra Duncan as the Steward try some rough stuff from "Saint Joan"*

Praying *at a chair with her text-book on it is Natasha Wigand as Saint Joan and Frederick Horrey as Demois in the Cathedral scene*

Knitting *while she awaits her cue is Beryl Eeman, before one of the mirrors of the Wells ballet classroom, where now also the acting school works*

Pointing *at the spires of Rouen in Rosebery Avenue is Joseph Wyse with Kay Lauterer in a further part of the "Saint Joan" rehearsal*

Emphasis, *of the "mark my words" or "curfew shall not ring to-night" type, is registered for her own improvement, the mirror's, and the camera's by Muriel Davidson*

Joy, *of the "Oh, Henry, then we're rich, rich, rich!" type, is registered by Joan Sandham, who impersonates imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, at the top of the opposite page*

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

" —— these —— iron leaflets "

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" I 've just discovered one of our maids is a cousin of Ribbentrop's "

APART from being a home from home for chaps who don't like British income-tax, the Channel Islands, or, as Lord Portsea called them in the Lords the other day, the Norman Archipelago, are apparently difficult to leave just now without a passport. So the old Norman Blood—of which Barbey d'Aurevilley, a Norman himself, said that " it boils only in acquisition or pillage "—is simmering gently at the moment; and, speaking of simple faith, what is more disappointing at first sight to the romantic traveller, save Niagara Falls, than this same Archipelago ? You cross from Southampton in a bumpy sea, expecting to find the islands populated by the kind of chaps you see in the Bayeux Tapestry, and you find a mild and sinless suburban population in bowler hats. If you cross from Carteret on the Norman coast, having just taken in Bayeux and Eu and Coutances and all the rest of our joint heritage, disillusion is even more poignant. The Islanders may make great bobbery with their Norman law, their fealty to the Duke of Normandy, their seigneurs and dames and cries of " haro " and whatnot, they may keep up decorative old feudal customs like the Guernsey one of presenting the Duke (or as we would say, the King) with two gilt-beaked mallards on a silver dish, but they look just like Croydon to us, if we may complain very gently. In Normandy proper, on the other hand, you do find among the rural population the tough overbearing square-faced Norman type, with its traditional rage for dissembling and chicanery. (You also find, among those vast orchards, more black-and-white half-timbered farms and cottages in the Drury Lane manner than you had thought possible.)

Some years ago, members of *Le Souvenir Normand* travelled over to Battle Abbey, Sussex, to survey with what E. V. Lucas described as " tactfully chastened enthusiasm," the scene of Duke William's victory and to perplex the ladies who keep the Battle teashops. The remains of that magnificent Abbey they found to be a girls' school, and if we 're not foully mistaken, there is now a memorial at Battle erected by American feudalists of pure Norman descent, led by a Mrs. (Something) Jones. Thus all things move, trip, or hobble towards their end.

Panacea

SLOGGER H. G. WELLS having recently descended from Mount Sinai with a completely new set of tables setting forth the Rights (but not the Duties) of Man, Slogger A. A. Milne has now, we perceive, taken counsel of the birdies and produced his own set of World Commandments for the benefit of Auntie *Times's* little readers, the more serious-minded of whom are drawing up their own like billy-ho. Nothing seems to have been left out of any of these manifestos, so far, except one or two essentials, and from Slogger Milne's opening declaration that " the function of Man is the development of his spiritual nature by the exercise of such virtues . . . as lie within his power," we deduce that he also possesses a copy of Rousseau, who first launched the statement which has done so much damage, that Man is naturally virtuous, and the Noble Savage the finest work of Nature. Meanwhile we 've been carefully observing the cultured pans of *Times* readers in the act of digesting these high matters in one or two clubs. They show no expression whatever. Even in the Athenæum, nobody—not even an excited bishop—has yet torn off his clothes and yelled for a handful of wild berries and a calabash of pure cold water.

While we naturally wouldn't go so far as to suggest to all these painstaking little Rousseaus *de nos jours* that it would be better if they kept their dainty traps shut till the war is actually won, we do feel—and you ?—they are to some extent disposing of the bearskin before they 've shot the bear. We even went so far as to mention this homely metaphor to a very high-minded person who was giving tongue in a club and describing his own panacea for the post-war world. He stared at us blankly and said he disapproved of all blood-sports. Did we burn !

" Take a leaflet to my creditors "

Rap

GRIEVED, as before, by the hilarious welcome extended once more to *Young England*, the venerable author of that patriotic drama described his public to the *Evening Standard* critic as " blackguards," which we think rather attractive. Few children of the Muses have the nerve to tell their dear public what they really think of them, barring J. B. (" Beachcomber ") Morton, who dedicated one of his works to a friend in the trade in these admirable words—

> ——, hired scribblers every day
> Must cast their choicest pearls away ;
> But what a fate is yours and mine,
> Who cannot even choose our swine !

Which makes a nice change from all that hypocritical " gentle reader " stuff with which Wordsworth and Lamb and so many other big boys tout for their public's affection, and even more of a change from the shamelessly passionate

kisses and embraces which go on weekly in print between Mr. Collie Knox and his *Daily Mail* congregation. Fie! Faugh! A good Mortonesque kick in the pants at intervals clears the air and shows the hamfaced public that a chap is not the fawning lickspittle they thought him, and they respect him for it, and love him more. The haughty contempt with which Margaret Cooper (" at the piano ") used to treat her audiences at the Palace in the old days proved this amply. You felt as that sweetheart trailed scornfully on the stage with a frigid *grande dame* smile that she was saying: " I doubt if you dumb Yahoos are capable of even dimly appreciating the work of a consummate artist, but, God help me, I suppose I 'd better give you the benefit of the doubt." The result was that the girl was archi-tops all the time and the town raved about her.

Wilde had the same feeling for his public, more lazily and genially expressed (" I 'm so glad, ladies and gentlemen," he drawled from the stage, cigarette in mouth, after the first night of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, " you appreciate this piece as much as I do "), and so has Slogger Shaw, who lectures the Island Race a great deal and thinks them fools. How pleasing to find an artist who disdains to flatter and smarm! You don't think we, personally, ought to clasp you to our bosom like one of the Emotion Boys, and carry you tenderly down Life's Highway in our arms? Like hell, we would, you rats.

Fusspots

THE old dreary hullabaloo has bobbed up again, and the " temperance " boys, as in 1914-18, are drawing fancy pictures of a besotted wartime populace reeling drunk through blacked-out streets and yelling like Mohocks. This may be true to some extent of Manchester (whose Dean avers he 's seen more drunks in the last two months than in the previous eight years), and it 's certainly understandable, if you 've ever been to that delightful town. But we think chaps exaggerate. Granted that the Island Race is not so clever at its liquor as the temperate Latins, who get more sun, and therefore don't need stimulating through the mouth so much, we have yet to find first-hand evidence in our travels that the percentage of British drunks at this moment is anything to make a song about. We blame the whole business, anyway, drunks and Puritan bluenoses alike, on the Romans, who ought to have stayed longer and developed their British vintages on a sounder basis. Possibly the wine from those Romano-British grapes was nothing to excite a Raoul Ponchon, an André Simon, a Warner Allen, or a William (" Bill ") Murdoch. We guess it to have been like a rather thin Vouvray, or a minor Chinon, or Beaujolais. At any rate, this wine could easily have become a standard British tipple, and this, plus the traditional Roman sobriety, firmly implanted, would have made a lot of difference to the Race's drinking habits. We grant you British villages would probably never, even then, be seen whooping it up, at a festa, on lemonade or cassis alone, as Provençal villages are quite capable of doing, for the fortunate Provençal can get quite gay enough on his native sunshine to begin with. But we 'd probably have learned long ago the proper uses of a great gift of God, and there would be relatively little need to-day for public mentors like La Astor.

Turquoiserie

WAVERING, thin, piercing, melancholy, like the cry of strange sad birds flying and calling in minor keys over desolate Oriental plains, came a programme of Turkish folk-music from Ankara the other day, demonstrating that music must be about the only thing Turkish Kemal didn't Westernise. The surprise was agreeable—we had expected those Broadway-Harlem swamp-noises which are now international—and we took pleasure in thinking that perhaps these same songs were heard over the water by Don John of Austria on the eve of Lepanto, all those years ago. It probably isn't good form to mention Lepanto at this moment, and if one of the greatest poems of our age isn't yet banned by the Censor it most likely is by Fleet Street, which can't say enough flattering things about our ally the Turk—some of them true—and knows nothing about Lepanto anyway, and cares less. Yet had it not been for the Last Knight of Europe and his colossal victory, these same boys would most likely have been Turkish subjects like all of us, to-day, and a dainty picture *that* conjures up. (Us for the sermons of Hadji Agate, the popular imam at the great glass mosque in the Lane of Shoes, by Allah! O the plump houris waddling up and down the Street of the Half-Moon! O the cross-legged bearded merchants smoking their narghilehs in the Bazaar of the Threaded Needle!) On such things we meditated as the Turkish music wailed and flickered to plucked thin strings, not forgetting also to bless Don John for giving those fierce bronzed honourable warriors, the terror of the world, such a magistral thrashing, and saving Christendom thereby. It was a fine, high-coloured romantic Turkey he basted, moreover. To-day, the inhabitants of Constantinople look either like stockbrokers or old-clothes men out of Aldgate.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" I want a book to balance on my head while I 'm training to be a mannequin "

Four Engagements

Vivienne

Miss Louise Rivière

Louise Rivière is engaged to Captain the Hon. Richard Denison-Pender, younger son of Lord and Lady Pender, of 65, Eaton Place, S.W.1. She is the only daughter of the late Henry Gilbey Rivière and Mrs. Rivière, of 17, Ovington Court, S.W.3, and Middle Cottage, Sandwich Bay. She is on the stage, played Jane Baxter's part in "George and Margaret" on tour, was in Arthur Macrae's "Sugar Plum," at the Criterion. Her fiancé is A.D.C. to General Sir Walter Kirke

Dorothy Wilding

The Hon. Rosemary Dawson

Rosemary Dawson announced her engagement in October, and is being married at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on November 30th to John Garmondsway Wrightson, eldest son of Sir Guy Wrightson, Bt., and Lady Wrightson, of Neasham Hall, Darlington, Co. Durham. She is the youngest of the three daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Dawson of Penn, of 32, Wimpole Street, W.1. Her father is Physician-in-Ordinary to the King and to Queen Mary

Lenare

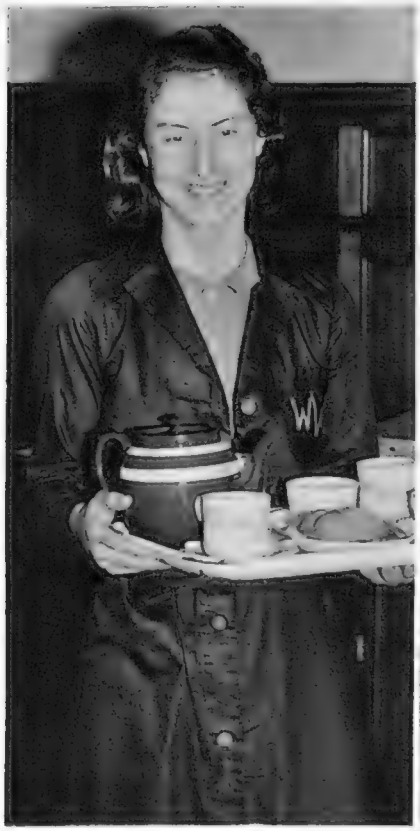
Miss Ann Schuster

Ann Schuster is engaged, and will be married during his first leave, to Arthur Frederick Crane Nicholls, only son of the late Joseph Crane Nicholls, of Inchgarth, Bexhill, Sussex. She is the younger daughter of Sir Victor Schuster, Bt., and Lady Schuster, of Fair Crouch, Wadhurst, Sussex, is eighteen this year, and was a debutante of last season

Vandyk

Miss Ruth Mary Moore

Godfrey Agnew and Ruth Mary Moore announced on October 26th that they were engaged and would be married shortly. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Agnew, of Tunbridge Wells. She is the eldest daughter of Captain Charles Moore, of Mooresfort, Co. Tipperary, and 46, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3, and the late Lady Dorothie Moore, and granddaughter of the Earl of Denbigh. Her sister, Edith, was a 1939 debutante



Miss Sheila Macdonald

Canteen manager is Sheila Macdonald, sister of Malcolm Macdonald, the Colonial Secretary. She works at the Hampstead W.V.S. Central Hospitals Supplies Depot, which is housed in a convent

Mrs. Bostock, Lady Margaret Douglas-Home

Also working in the conventual setting of the Hampstead Depot are Mrs. Geoffrey Bostock, who is the head cutter, and Lady Margaret Douglas-Home, wife of the Earl of Home's second son, who is superintendent of the Depot. Together they discussed expertly the cut of a bed-jacket

Mrs. Paravicini, Mrs. Antony Acton

Mrs. Vincent Paravicini and Mrs. Antony Acton bicycle over from Selham House to go on duty at Lavington Park, where they are nurses. Selham House is Beryl Viscountess Cowdray's home, and Mrs. Paravicini's small son and Mrs. Acton's six-year-old daughter are living there. The former's Swiss husband became a British citizen this year

Miss Crista de Paravicini and Mr. David Innes-Ker

David Innes-Ker is the younger son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, of 1, Oxford Square, W.1. Crista de Paravicini is the younger daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Chandos de Paravicini, of Birkholme Manor, Corby, Lincs. They were married at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent

Sub-Lieut. Ferdinando and Miss Lorna Ogden

Herbert Renny Ferdinando, R.N.V.R., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Ferdinando, of Basildon Park, Berks., married Lorna Ogden at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the elder daughter of Captain William Ogden, of 4, King Street, St. James's, S.W.1, and granddaughter of James R. Ogden, the Yorkshire antiquary and diamond merchant, has recently been training for the stage

Social Register

War Work, Weddings, Outdoors

Lady Milbanke, Mrs. Koch de Gooreynd, Miss Kenyon-Slaney

Lady Milbanke is second-in-command at Lavington Park, the Euan Wallaces' home, which has been turned into a wartime maternity hospital, and is run by eleven professional and seven auxiliary nurses. Two of the latter are Mrs. Gerard Koch de Gooreynd and Jane Kenyon-Slaney, whose sister is now Lady Hopetoun. Mrs. Paravicini and Mrs. Acton (left) are on the same nursing staff

Sylvia Regis de Oliveira was on Poppy Day duty at the Ritz on November 11th, and Flt.-Lieut. the Hon. Eddie Ward was one of her lunch-time customers. Both he and his twin brother were Flight-Lieutenants in the R.A.F. Reserve before the war

Miss Regis de Oliveira, the Hon. Edward Ward

Miss Charrington, Miss Myra Manningham-Buller

Company Assistants Cynthia Charrington and Myra Manningham-Buller, of the A.T.S., added to the khaki shading of the Newbury enclosure last week. Miss Charrington is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Charrington, of Winchfield House, Hants., Miss Manningham-Buller is the second of the four daughters of Sir Mervyn Manningham-Buller

Mr. and Mrs. John Christian

An October bride and bridegroom who went racing together at Newbury last week were the John Christians. She was Bridget Smiley, is a cousin of Sir Hugh Smiley. He is a nephew of Viscount Monsell

On the left are Viscount and Viscountess Astor in the glory to which they are now entitled as Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Plymouth. Lord Astor was M.P. for Plymouth for nearly ten years, and Lady Astor was elected the first woman Member of Parliament, for her husband's constituency in 1919 when he succeeded to his title. Lord Astor is already an Hon. Freeman of the City of Plymouth, and D.L. for Devonshire

On the right are Lady George Scott and the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill at the Newbury November meeting, the last flat racing there for the season. Mrs. Churchill was Pamela Digby before her marriage to the First Lord of the Admiralty's son in October. Lady George Scott, whose brief boots are an autumn fashion note, was formerly Molly Bishop

Ballet Party

To Bid Farewell to Tamara Grigorieva

Harold Rubin (right) gave a party at the Arts Theatre Club as a farewell to Tamara Grigorieva (see below), who is listening here to his speech with Serge Ruanine. Mr. Rubin also announced the inauguration of a new ballet centre at the Arts Theatre which he has just acquired; a centre for dancers, teachers, students, musicians and designers, and also as a club and meeting-place for balletomanes

One of the English dancers at the Arts Theatre Club party was Prudence Hyman, who has joined the Ballet Rambert for their season at the Duchess which opened last night. She is talking (on the right) to actor Peter Scott

Maude Lloyd was with her husband, Nigel Gosling, whom she married last July. She has returned to Anthony Tudor's London Ballet which will start a series of performances at the end of the month at the Arts Theatre. This company was formed just over a year ago, and gave a winter season at Toynbee Hall

Tamara Grigorieva, as the party's guest of honour, received a large bouquet. She left on Saturday for Australia with Colonel de Basil, her husband, Vsevelode Grigorieff, son of Serge Grigorieff, Nina Verchanina, and various other members of Colonel de Basil's company. "Down under," they will meet Baronova, Riabouchinska, Lichine, and the rest of the company who have been in America since early October

Oliver Messel talked to two more departing guests, Tarloch Miller and Phillida Cooper. Miss Cooper is a new English member of Colonel de Basil's company and left with them for their thirteen-week tour of Australia. Mr. Miller is an artist, is travelling out with the company, and will give exhibitions in Australia of his studies of ballet, under the auspices of the British Council

"Juarez"

Another colourful slice of American history

The film that opened last Friday at the Warner Cinema was heralded by Warner Brothers with a documented whoop. September 30th, 1937, they say, they announced their intention to descend on Mexican history: Jack L. Warner told Hal Wallis to call in Henry Blanke (producer of *Pasteur* and *Zola*); he called in William Dieterle as director, who called in Aeneas MacKenzie to write the story. Dr. Herman Lissauer was called in, who called in 372 books, documents, letters and authentic pictures; meanwhile, MacKenzie had called in two other writers who produced a script based on a novel and a play. All this time, of course, it had been taken for granted that Bette Davis and Paul Muni would be called in, and while the latter, with Wallis, Blanke and Dieterle, made a six-week tour of Mexico, a handful of character players and 3500 extras were called in. The result of this, and of Muni's genius for interpretation, is a piece which gives a real taste, despite an icing of filmic colour, of relentless progress surging over that elegant outpost of the old world, Maximilian of Mexico

***Bette Davis** plays the tragic Belgian Princess who married a Habsburg, ascended a New World throne with him and lost her mind in trying to persuade his European sponsors to save him from his people. Here, with little Mickie Kuhn as the Mexican boy the Empress Carlota adopted*

***Brian Aherne** in a curly beard looks lovely as the Habsburg Prince placed on the Mexican throne by Napoleon III. and then deserted*

***Paul Muni** as usual grows right into his carefully studied conception of the sombre Zapotec patriot who freed Mexico*

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Wise Rhododendron

By V. S. Pritchett

For those who believe in evacuating the mind as well as the body from the present situation, the metaphysical fantasy provides a good, safe area. It is one which has attracted some of what I 'm afraid I must call our classier novelists. Other times, other customs. When Rome burned, Nero fiddled; his literary successors harp instead—harp on non-attachment, yoga, the fleshless life, and the vegetable salad. These things have, of course, been with us a long time. They arise—and Chapter One, on the Spirit of Shrubbery in Mr. Ronald Fraser's *Miss Lucifer* (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), confirms my theory—with the introduction of the rhododendron from the Himalaya into England. Later than curry, but contemporaneously with the Wisdom of the East, the rhododendron was over-running Hampshire while the Wisdom fought for a foothold in Baker Street and S.W.7.

The Hampshire rhododendrons blaze away at once in Mr. Fraser's novel when Auriol makes her disturbing appearance. "Strange—but not angelic." Indeed not. I have never felt more like murdering a girl for making a not undistinguished book painful. By day the normal man-hating young virgin in shorts who knows her mother is a fool and can see through her eminent father, the anthropologist; chatty in her bath and saying (ah, the mockery of it!): "But you can kiss me if that will help," as she turns down the weekly dozen of proposals, Auriol is a psychic phenomenon by night. The 'fluence switches on and off she goes to visit her earlier and more spectacular incarnations. Whereas you, and even I, dream of Gary Cooper and wake up frustrated, Auriol is off to Ancient Rome, poetic Persia, mediæval France, to court and cathedral, and returns in the morning tired but gratified. She has moved in the best historical society. Very soon, after many trials, she is confident of being absorbed into the Whole.

I do not know what Professor Freud would have had to say about this—Mr. Ronald Fraser has a low opinion of Professor Freud—but Auriol's father is naturally perturbed. A resourceful man—indeed a strategist in family life—he had built eighteen lavatories in his house on the well-known principle that One Must Get Away Somehow. This was the only dix-huitième-siècle touch about the Professor; in all respects he was a straight nineteenth-century evolutionist, and thought Auriol ought to marry. But as Auriol would only marry someone she might meet in her sleep—or at any rate, one who had a taste for her kind of night life—this solution was delayed. One lover, who had indeed met her in Persia a few hundred years back, did turn up, but, rather extravagantly, considering the rarity of the type, Mr. Fraser kills him off early. A Hollywood ending with the "Monastery Garden" played by Mr. Sandy Macpherson seemed to be indicated here; but Mr. Fraser steers clear and goes on for another 100 lyrical and philosophical pages. Auriol marries a surgeon in the end and takes to terrestrial travelling in a Bentley. Occasionally she has second sight about the condition of his patients' insides and, one is assured, no charges of manslaughter have so far occurred.

Photograph by Anthony

Lt.-Comdr. Kenneth Edwards

Kenneth Edwards retired from the Royal Navy with the rank of Lieut.-Commander, and became naval correspondent for the "Sunday Times," having proved his ability to write with "The Grey Diplomatists" and "We Dive at Dawn." His third book, newly published, is a survey of the world naval position up to the war entitled "Uneasy Oceans"

I have admired some of Mr. Ronald Fraser's books with the reservation that one cannot live on peaches. *Miss Lucifer* is not a peach. Perhaps the explanation of the present awkwardness is that Mr. Fraser had got away with it too often in an earlier existence.

It is pleasant to get away from the haunted evergreens into honest agriculture. *Teamsman* (Harrap; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is Mr. Crichton Porteous's successor to *Farmer's Creed*, and it has both feet planted on the earth without being bogged in it. After working as a labourer and student on a farm in the Peak district, he moves eventually to kinder country. The prudent, independent and reflective Farmer Boone—"a Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood" if ever there was one—is exchanged for the shrewder, brisker Farmer Basil, with his dimples and his peculiar long-term humour. These are portraits done to the life by a writer who has that most uncommon gift, the ability to delineate in all its fine shades the excellences in human nature. He does not romanticise the land, nor the people for whom or with whom he worked. A sounder judgment, lightened by a kind of innocence and honesty, is not so often met. I cannot tell good ploughing from bad; but good writing about ploughing, driving teams, and all the work of a farm, good writing about anything one does care about, and Mr. Porteous has it. His own self-portrait is attractive also. Against will and ignorance I was with him as he made that difficult youthful decision to leave Mr. Boone and to try his luck elsewhere; as he rode off to the Agricultural Show and hung about the new machines and the farmers, waiting for courage to ask them for a job and taking his snubs quietly. Then there is that first night at Mr. Basil's, with the unexpected Harlequin figure of Hector to spoil his peace, the month-long struggle with the team which had been ruined by the previous worker, and the gradual wearing-in to the job and the taciturn company. Probably this sounds dull stuff, but it is not. It has the sentiment of the land which comes not from looking at it, but from working in it; and because Mr. Porteous is an educated man, his sensibility has become enriched by the work he liked.

Mr. Henry Williamson is that now familiar scarecrow—I use the word in its most laudatory sense, for I am one myself—a writer who lives in the country. But where others have got a book out of how they made the garden path, he has had the nerve to write about his family life. Especially his children; how and when they were born, what their tricks were, how their characters developed and how he settled down after the last war full of desire to change the heart of man. *The Children of Shallowford* (Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is the slightly embarrassing but pleasantly discursive book of an egoist and one warms to it even when it irritates. The Shallowford children are curious young field animals, half-boring, half-irresistible as children are. There is no character to equal Coneybeare, the splendid manservant. Coneybeare was often drunk, often philosophical and confiding, always remorseful and gorgeously overdressed with an eye to an audience. A disastrous manservant, in short, but so spectacular that any household would be enlivened by him. He had enlivened many vicars against their will.

But Mr. Williamson is a naturalist, of course; and with the mixed misanthropy and idealism of this solitary kind. Feeding his trout, watching his salmon and his birds, finding his voles and adders, he is full of information about wild life.

Modest, direct and simple, Mr. Bruce Bairnsfather's "life and hard times" are now published in *Wide Canvas* (John Long; 10*s.* 6*d.*). Once more humour springs out of loneliness and detachment, a sudden sight of the indignity of man: "If a cow or a pig had strolled up to our trenches to have a look at us, I would have felt a fool." That is it; we who have often laughed at cows suddenly catch a cow looking at us. One might expect that a success as fabulous as "Old Bill's" would be as ruinous to character as winning the Calcutta Sweep; but if it did lead to enormous ups and downs, it has left Mr. Bairnsfather unaffected, most readable and unspoiled.

For the library list:

Sixteen Days. By Hans Habe (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *Silver Woods.* By Constance Goddard (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*). *The Green Tree and the Dry.* By Morchard Bishop (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*).

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"Bystander" Short Story

Full Fathom Five

By Basil Collier

Illustrations by Eric Fraser

It may as well be said at once that no one ever saw Mr. Egnops drunk. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether anybody ever drank so much. Like all of us, he was born thirsty; his distinctiveness lay in the fact that his thirst seemed virtually insatiable. This tendency was noted in him at a very early age. "If you are not careful, Master Walter," said his nurse to him when he was six, "you 'll turn into a sponge one day. You see if you don't!"

Mr. Egnops was not careful. As he grew up he surrendered more and more to the habit of imbibing more than was good for him—or more, at any rate, than was customary. Montaigne tells a story of a girl who had the habit of carrying a growing calf in her arms, with the result that when it got to be an ox she could still carry it. The case of Mr. Egnops was rather similar. By the time he was twenty-one, he had advanced so far that his average daily consumption of liquid amounted to a dozen bottles of light ale, six of brown ale, three of stout, four bottles of claret, some eighteen or twenty double whiskies in the course of the evening, and five glasses of cold water on retiring. If he woke up in the night feeling thirsty, as he often did, he usually disposed of two or three siphons of soda-water before composing himself once more to sleep. In the morning he frequently drank the contents of his bath and of any flower-vases that his eye might light on, while waiting for the six or seven pints of coffee that his servant had instructions to bring to his room.

At the age of thirty he took to drinking ink. It seemed to have more body than any beverage he had previously encountered. Red ink he found particularly good with beef, mutton, and meat courses generally; blue and black with soup, fish, veal and chicken, and some of the lighter entrées. Light inks, such as those intended for use in fountain-pens, he found went well with the sweet course and were suitable for the company of ladies. Fancy inks, such as the green and violet kinds affected by minor poets, he regarded with the tolerant indulgence extended by the connoisseur of wine to liqueurs. On rare occasions, removing his amber-spouted hosepipe from his mouth, he would consent to a glass of one of them being poured out for him after dinner. Probably his favourite ink, for all-round use, was Stephens' Red, which he pronounced a fine, full-bodied ink of attractive colour and wonderful aroma. It was a great day for him when he chanced upon a forgotten bottle of pre-war vintage at his lawyer's.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that no financial considerations interfered with the indulgence of his peculiar tastes. As a sleeping partner in the firm of Egnops and Stlashtab, the well-known Anglo-Mexican merchants, he was in receipt of a handsome income, without being under the necessity of working for it. Moreover, although his name had once been linked with that of the daughter of a prominent official of the Metropolitan Water Board, he remained a bachelor. There was nothing, therefore, to prevent him from doing what he pleased. By the age of thirty-two he had increased his daily consumption of double-whiskies to thirty-four. For breakfast, in place of his previous six or seven pints of coffee, he now demanded twelve; and there was scarcely a club left in London, possessing a swimming-pool, which would admit him within its doors.

What prodigies Mr. Egnops might have performed had his career continued unchecked it is idle to imagine. His career did not continue unchecked. In fact, beyond the point at which we have arrived, it did not continue at all. A sudden desire to bathe, which seized on Mr. Egnops in the course of a visit to Brighton, led to the strange occurrence which conferred so novel an immortality on him.

The day had been one of exceptional indulgence, even for Mr. Egnops. On rising, he had drunk the hot bath prepared for him by the hotel valet. He had then ordered a cold one and drunk that. At breakfast he had not only called for fifteen large pots of coffee, but had also disposed of a bowl of goldfish belonging to the hotel and a jam-jar containing tiddlers, the property of a juvenile guest. He had spent the morning visiting the principal cafés, public-houses, and drinking-fountains of the town, in addition to those shops at which facilities and materials for writing were provided. On his way back to the hotel, he had stopped several times to lap up the contents of drinking-bowls placed outside their premises by thoughtful tradesmen for the refreshment of passing dogs. At lunch his inordinate demands had come near to exhausting the resources of the cellar. There was some talk of an organised protest by the staff; and it was freely rumoured in the town that extra guards were being placed on the Aquarium.

It may be imagined, then, that the progress of Mr. Egnops from his hotel to the foreshore was watched with considerable interest. He hired a bathing-cabin, into which he disappeared. After about ten minutes he emerged in a bathing-suit, and entered the ocean. He swam to a point about forty yards from the shore, and was then seen to lower his head, as if about to drink. For some time nothing appreciable happened, though a number of fishes are believed to have made for deeper water, uttering despairing cries. At the end of a quarter of an hour, Mr. Egnops suddenly disappeared from mortal sight.

A search was immediately instituted, without result. No trace of the body being found, it was concluded that some uncharted current had swept it out to sea. And there, for the majority of the public, the matter rested. Mr. Egnops was mourned by a wide circle of acquaintances, who unanimously agreed that, apart from his single weakness, he had been a man without a single weakness.

His old nurse alone continued to assert, long after the rest of his friends had given him up, that the last had not been heard of Master Walter. At the time she was universally supposed to be distracted by grief; but in the light of what subsequently happened, there can be no doubt that this sagacious creature, whose grandmother had been a Highlander, and who had once seen the Wandering Jew on a donkey outside the Five Bells on Streatham Common, possessed a gift for practical prophecy, of which her pronouncement on this occasion was not the first example she had given. For, some five years after the disappearance of her former charge, her faith and her foresight alike were dramatically vindicated, when a fisherman returning to the shore, and making his last cast of the day about the spot where Mr. Egnops had last been seen, brought to the surface an object seldom encountered off our coasts, in the shape of an altogether phenomenally large and splendid sponge.

THE END.

The Bystander,
November 22, 1939—.

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Christmas holidays in the country will be the warmer for this jersey suit, snugly buttoned at wrist and neckline, with the new longer jacket covering the hips. Harrods, of Knightsbridge, have it for seven guineas in fine grey jersey, made with a yoke front and deep, inverted panels. If you prefer more glowing colours, it can also be had in a deep wine and holly green

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Wartime Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

In these days of war, the cream of British womanhood is in the Services, and as very many of these ladies are driving vehicles of one type or another, an added piquancy attaches to the old, old question of the merits of women drivers as compared with men. Now this is not only a dangerous subject but, worse, it is a difficult one—and one upon which I lack the moral courage to advance dogmatic views.

The essential characteristics of men drivers and women drivers are, to my way of thinking, just as distinctive as are the individual mentalities of men and women. Therein lies the temptation to generalise. It is because the vast majority of men drivers are mediocre, and because I have never yet met with a mediocre woman driver, that I am scared to make any sweeping assertion. Women drivers are either extraordinarily good or just as extraordinarily bad, while men drivers are distinguished by a few exceptionally good ones, quite a number of incomparably bad ones and a vast legion of in-betweens.

The psychology of the sexes as applied to driving is a most interesting study. Otherwise mild men, with no illusions about their own insignificance, are imbued with a sublime self-satisfaction about their driving prowess. Normally self-assured men become aggressive and assertive; and usually dominating men as often as not become the prey of such frightful forebodings that, aware of their irreplaceable importance in their businesses and their homes, they make the most careful drivers of all. A paradox, isn't it?

And of women? Almost all women drivers are selfish. To the more competent type of business woman, this does not apply; but it applies most forcibly to almost every other type. This selfishness—for the very existence of which Man is wholly to blame—manifests itself in a tacit supposition that she is to be indulged when driving.

As an instance of this, one may cite the average woman driver's method of overtaking—right over on the wrong side of the road and with a reckless determination which passes not only all slower-moving vehicles but, also, all understanding! The fact that a mere male in an oncoming car has been brought to a shuddering standstill or, just as probably, driven off the road on to the grass verge worries her not in the least degree. The hand that once rocked the cradle now rules the road!

Where women drivers more often fail than men drivers is in reversing. I suppose it would be flippant to suggest that this may be because men are more used to "looking back" than women. . . . However that may be, women do seem to be constitutionally incapable of realising that when a vehicle is being steered on *trailing* wheels instead of on the *leading* ones, it responds very much more quickly to the slightest turn of the wheel. It is this, more than anything else, which makes me believe that women have yet to develop a real driving *sense*. Most men seem to have acquired this subconscious "feel."

You know, really good driving is a very subtle and complex matter. I have always felt that the test of a really good driver is his or her ability to cover long distances at a good average speed with the least frequent application of the brakes. This, of course, entails one of the truest niceties of good driving—the ability to "waste time" in overtaking. Here, the most impeccable judgment of the speed of three vehicles is called into play, and it is the driver who, instead of accelerating and rushing through, hangs back a fraction and accelerates before actually drawing out to pass at precisely the correct split-second that is the driver who is really good. The first driver probably gets through before the vehicles ahead of him meet, while the second waits until they have passed, but I 'll wager it 's the second driver who completes the journey first—and probably he is the only one of the two who ever completes it at all! Now, it is exactly in this matter of overtaking that the average man driver is so vastly superior to the average woman driver.

Women are spoilt. In private life, they expect more than their share and men make it a point of sentimentality, if not of honour, to see that they are not disappointed. On the road, women also expect more consideration, more leniency and more indulgence than is their rightful share. And this is where their knowledge of the mere male lets them down with a bump. Men may be prepared—indeed, anxious—to pamper women in the privacy of home-life, but when they set themselves up to be the equals of men, whether it be in business, in sport, or in the pursuance of any pastime indulged in more by men than by women, all that is forgotten. That is why I feel that this old, old question of the merits of women drivers as compared with men is really such a profitless one to discuss.

You see, they should not really be Men Drivers and Women Drivers—they should be Motorists.

Otherwise, just as the Lancashire Police obtained better road manners and a corresponding reduction in road accidents by having their cars adorned with the word POLICE in huge illuminated letters, so a like result should be obtained by an even more huge illuminated sign on some cars proclaiming WOMAN.

***The railways** got a visit from a Minister last week—Captain Euan Wallace, Minister of Transport. He went to Paddington to see how the G.W.R. was coping with vital supplies in the black-out; and was taken for a ride*

***The roads'** method of dealing with the shortage of petrol was inspected by the youthful Secretary for Mines, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd (bowler hat), who went to the fire-brigade headquarters on Albert Embankment to see a Fordson lorry (here), a bus (behind), and various other commercial vehicles fitted with producer gas units*

Let Us Send the "Bystander" Christmas Number to Your Friends Abroad

The publisher will be pleased to post copies of THE BYSTANDER Christmas Number to addresses in neutral countries and the Dominions by early mails.

Remittances should be sent to The Publisher, THE BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, as follows—

Price per copy, 2s. 3½d. Abroad, post paid.
" " " 2s. 1½d. Canada, post paid.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Harlip

Dorothy Pritchard

Is the younger daughter of the late R. E. Pritchard, and Mrs. Pritchard, of 93, Hendon Lane, N.3; her fiancé is Alun Llewellyn, M.A., LL.D., poet and writer, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Llewellyn, of 93, Wood Vale, S.E.23

Lenare

Cecilia Anne Wright

Is the daughter of the late John Wright and Mrs. Wright, of Arran Court, Purley, Surrey. She will be married on December 16th to James Maxwell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Maxwell, 8, Shawlands, Glasgow

Lenare

Diana Keeton

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Keeton, of Chilberta, Pines Road, Fleet, Hants., and is to marry Nicholas Mansergh, D.Phil., of 90, Woodstock Rd., Oxford, and Fairsfield, Tipperary

Catherine Bell

Peggy Wilson-Johnston

Is the elder daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. W. E. Wilson-Johnston, of 2, Vine Park, Beaumont, Jersey, and announced her engagement in September to Caryl St. John Davies, only son of Dr. and Mrs. E. T. E. Davies, of the Grove, Tredegar, Mon.

Catherine Bell

Phyllis Rose Lewis

Is the eldest daughter of Sq.-Leader and Mrs. W. T. Lewis, of 6, Shaia Gamah, Heliopolis, Cairo, Egypt; she is engaged to John Gisborne Varley, of 33, Rosary Gardens, S.W.7, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne Varley

Lenar

Audrey Lilla Steen

Is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. B. Steen, of Dunboe, Shepperton-on-Thames, and 31, Wimpole Street; she is to marry Brian St. George Irwin, R.E., only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. P. B. Irwin, of Derryinver, Walton-on-Thames

Lenare

Catherine MacLeod-Smith

Is engaged to Douglas Street, Middlesex Regiment, eldest son of Sir Arthur and Lady Street, of Engell Park, Mill Hill, N.W.7. She is the only daughter of R. A. Smith and Mrs. MacLeod-Smith, of 3, Highbury Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19

Catherine Bell

Barbara Wrench

Is engaged to Captain Edward Cardew Croft, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Croft, of Ramleigh, Teignmouth, Devon. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. D. Wrench, of New Delhi, India, and the Moorings, Dartmouth, Devon

Catherine Bell

Cecilie Wood

Is the daughter of Major and Mrs. J. C. Wood, of Old Mill House, Ditton, Maidstone, Kent, and is to marry David Birney, younger son of Colonel and Mrs. C. F. Birney, of Pucks Croft, Rusper, Sussex

Lenare

Noreen Hull

Is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Hubert C. E. Hull, the Queen's Royal Regiment, and Mrs. Hull, of Budds Farm, Burghclere, Newbury; she is engaged to Jules Wilfrid Fox, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Fox, of 29, Eresby House, Rutland Gate, S.W.1

Lenare

Nancy Cynthia Holland

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Holland, of Sandell's House, West Amesbury, Wilts.; her fiancé is Captain Lionel Claude Bower, younger son of the late Maurice Bower, and Mrs. Bower, of Bagbere, Sturminster Newton, Dorset

(Continued on pages B and C)

Getting Married (Continued)

Pearl Freeman

John Marsden and Eileen Thorburn

John Marsden and Eileen Hunter Thorburn will be married next Saturday. He is the son of the late Captain B. J. N. Marsden, 9th Lancers, and Mrs. Philip Gosse, of Weppons, Steyning, Sussex. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Thorburn, of Greystokes, Peebles

A September engagement was that of Mansergh Wellbrand, son of the late Sidney Wellbrand, and Mrs. Wellbrand, of Ladds House, Sevenoaks, and Evelyn Uprichard, daughter of the late Emile Uprichard, and the late Mrs. Uprichard, after whom the rose, "Betty Uprichard," was named

Pearl Freeman

Mansergh Wellbrand and Evelyn Uprichard

Lenare

Margaret Lloyd and Eric Hirst

Eric David Weir-Brown Hirst and Margaret Howard Lloyd are engaged. He is the only son of the late Eric Hirst, and Mrs. Hirst, of Eagle Towers, Southsea, Hants. She is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Lloyd, of the Moat, Soham, Cambridgeshire

Wood — Thompson

Pamela Booth

Pamela Booth and C. T. V. Craxton

Flying Officer C. T. V. Craxton, eldest son of Harold Craxton, the pianist, of Acomb Lodge, Grove End Road, N.W.8, is engaged to Pamela Booth, twin daughter of Professor Victor Booth, of 48, Clifton Hill, N.W.8

Flt. Lieut. Basil Wood, son of the late Colonel Wood, 5th Lancers, and Mrs. Wood, of New Milton, Hants., and Gillian Thompson, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. R. Thompson, of Clements, Ferndown, Dorset, were married at West Moors Church, Ferndown

Burrough — Bruce

Alan Burrough and Rosemary June Bruce, youngest daughter of Capt. Wilfred and the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, of Les Pommiers, Jersey, and niece of Lord Trent, were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the third son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Burrough, of Rowallen, Downs Avenue, Epsom, Surrey

Hillman — Duff

Haviland Hillman, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Hillman, of 4, Clifton Hill, N.W.8, and Molly Duff, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Duff, of 13, Sumner Place, S.W.7, were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

Smith — Kendall

Ian Henry Ledgard Smith, younger son of Sir Thomas and Lady Smith, of Merlewood, Virginia Water, Surrey, and Githa Joan Kendall, only daughter of Major and Mrs. John Kendall, of 4, South Bolton Gardens, S.W.10, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Patrick Crookshank and Bettina Tomlin

Patrick Crookshank, son of Colonel and Mrs. C. de W. Crookshank, of Johnstonburn, Humbie, Scotland, and Bettina Napier Tomlin, daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Napier Tomlin, of 39, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7, are engaged. He is a film actor, is in "The Lion Has Wings," and is European director of Air Features, Ltd. She also acts for the films, and broadcasts

Lenare

Patricia Sladen and Gerald Hawkins

Dr. Gerald Francis Cæsar Hawkins, only child of Col. and Mrs. H. P. Hawkins, of Amiesmill Farm House, Horsham, Sussex, announced his engagement in September to Patricia Enid Lambart Sladen, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Alex G. Lambart Sladen, of Horsenden Manor, Princes Risborough, Bucks.

Lenare

Moira Hopwood and Peter Woodwark

Peter Anthony Woodwark is the eldest son of Sir Stanley and Lady Woodwark, of 4, Harley Street, W.1. Moira Hopwood is the only daughter of the Hon. Frank and Mrs. Hopwood, of Waystrode Manor, Cowden, Kent, and granddaughter of Lord Southborough. They announced their engagement this month

Wool FOR THE EVENINGS

In a new fleecy diagonal wool of fine texture; original leaf motifs on the shoulder of gold galon and tinted diamante. In black, clover, parrot green and amethyst, etc. Six sizes 7½ Guineas

We have six carefully studied sizes in this department							
Sizes	40	42	44	45	46	48	
Hips (actual) ..	36	37	40	42	44	48 ins.	

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What shall we give him ?..answered by HARRODS MAN'S SHOP

DRESSING GOWN. Luxurious lambs' wool and cashmere. Collar and cuffs faced with pure silk barathea. Heavily fringed waistband of silk. **5 gns.**

PANELLED GRECIAN SLIPPERS, in blue morocco and wine glacé kid, or in Black patent leather and wine glacé kid. Turned and sewn pump leather soles and heels. Sizes and half-sizes 6-12. (MB. 99) **16/9**

CASHMERE MUFFLERS. Beautifully soft and warm, in attractive colours of blues, fawn, browns, greens and grey.
Plain colours - - - - **15/6**
Also in a large variety of attractive checks - **19/6**

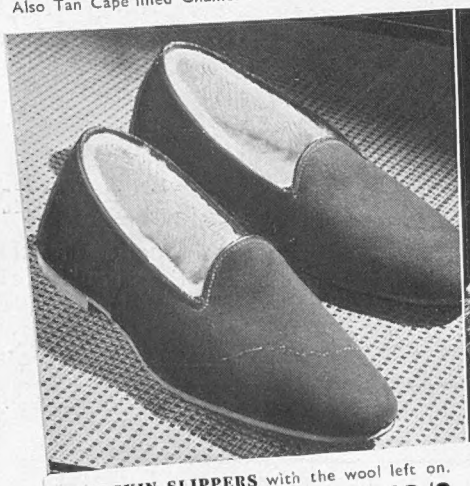
SUÈDE LEATHER PULLOVER made from soft pliable skins. Zipp fastening side and stockinette waistband, can be worn with comfort under a jacket.
Sizes : 36—44 in. chest **39/6**

GLOVES. TAN CAPE LEATHER GLOVES, 1-dome fastener, warmly lined with fur.
Sizes : 7½—9½ Per pair **21/-**
Also Tan Cape lined Chamois. Per pair **14/6**

REAL ANCIENT MADDER HANDKERCHIEFS. Fine twill silk, in a wide variety of blues, reds, greens and yellows, 27 in. square. **8/6**

FANCY SILK HANDKERCHIEFS. A variety of colours and designs in English printed crêpe-de-Chine. 24 in. square **6/6**

REVERSIBLE SLIPOVERS. Scotch knit botany wool, sleeveless style—two pullovers in one. In colours of navy with grey reverse side, hunting yellow/nigger, navy/wine, Tartan green/grey, blue mixture/wine, fawn/brown mixture Air Force blue/mist blue, khaki/navy, khaki/lovat green.
Sizes : 36—44 in. chest. **25/-**



SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS with the wool left on. Turned leather pump soles and heels, in buff, brown, wine or blue. **13/9**
(M.B. 29). Sizes : 4 to men's 12.
Also in brown sheepskin with larutan rubber soles and heels. Per pair **14/9**

MONOGRAMMED EVENING SCARF. Scarf in heavy crêpe silk, with white or black and white silk fringe, including hand-embroidered cut-out monogram up to three letters **35/6**

SOCKS. Newest designs and colours, plain or ribbed, wool, as illustrated, per pair 4/5 6/3
Sizes : 10—12 in.
Other varieties : 8/6, 7/6, 6/6, 5/6.

SPORTS SOCKS of stout weight Scotch wool in Argyle check designs. Per pair **9/6**
Sizes : 10—12 in.

UMBRELLAS FOR THE 'WASH-OUT.' Pigskin covered handle with gilt slide, silk cover on Fox Frame. Price **30/-**

ELECTRIC LIGHT WALKING-STICK FOR THE 'BLACK-OUT.' Price - **14/6**

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Vapex stops colds and 'flu by clearing a way through the mucus-laden passages and destroying the germs where they lurk and breed in the warm recesses of your nose and throat. Put a drop of Vapex on your handkerchief, wait a few moments until the pleasant, powerful vapour begins to rise, and then breathe it deeply and frequently into the nose and throat.

Each breath you take will in this way assist nature to throw off infection. You feel the benefit immediately — respiration becomes easier, the bronchial passages are cleared, head stuffiness vanishes and the whole system is stimulated to increased resistance.

As a protection against colds and 'flu, Vapex is simple and inexpensive. Office workers, school children, cinemagoers—all need a safeguard such as this, for cold germs are particularly rife in closed rooms, offices, etc.

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A single sprinkling of Vapex on the handkerchief will last all day, because Vapex has the unusual property of gaining strength when exposed to air. Breathe the antiseptic vapour deeply and often for the quickest results—it is quite harmless to human tissues and contains no habit-forming drugs which require increased dosage to obtain effect.

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TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE

"Hawkins. Next time you hear I've been to the Toad-in-the-Hole oblige me by cracking me smartly over the head with a No. 3 iron."

"*The Toad-in-the-Hole, Sir?*"

"A night club, Hawkins. Very popular at the moment. Don't know why I ever go there. Never will again. In fact if it hadn't been for my cousin being on leave . . ."

"*I've seen pictures of their cabaret-show, Sir. Very artistic.*"

"H'm, yes. Distance, Hawkins, lends disenchantment. The glamour recedes with the dawn and naught but the hangover remains. Is there a gas oven in the kitchen?"

"*No, Sir. We cook by electricity. Might I suggest as an alternative, Rose's Lime Juice? Had you confined yourself to gin and Rose's last night, Sir . . .*"

"Dash it, Hawkins—I remember you telling me all about it. Therapeutic properties of Rose's Lime Juice and all that. What a memory I've got! Book a table at the Toad-in-the-Hole for Saturday evening — and — er — Hawkins?"

"*Sir?*"

"Countermand the instructions *re* the No. 3 iron."

"*Very good, Sir.*"

Ask for GIN and ROSE'S. Short drink—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts Gin. Long drink—add soda.

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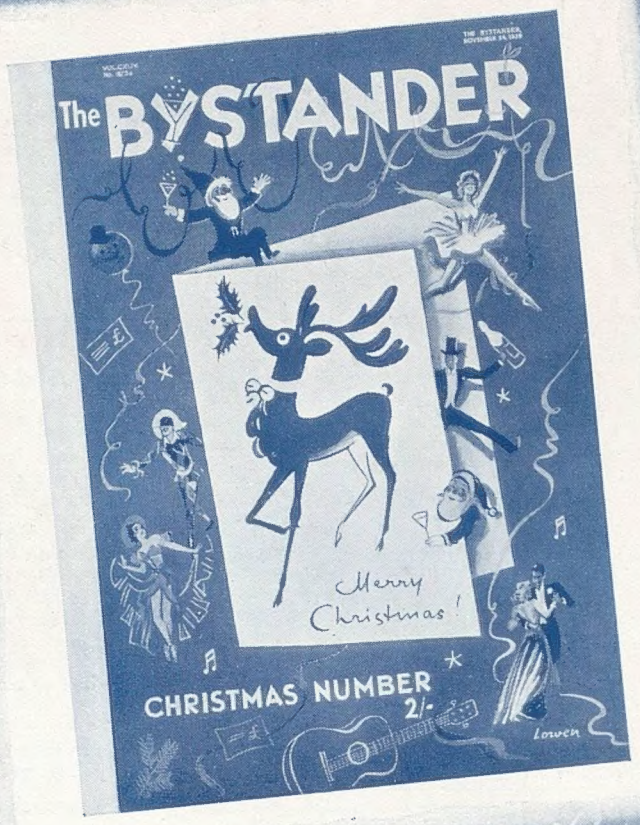

Order it now!

The BYSTANDER CHRISTMAS NUMBER has always been full of good humour—this year it is more amusing than ever. Maurice Lane-Norcott, Nicolas Bentley, Mary Dunn, Goetz, Hewitt, Frank Ford, D'Egville, Bruce Bairnsfather, and many more, are cerain to keep you chuckling. The stories are full of the Christmas spirit—here are a couple: John Collier's "Bottle Party," an amusing fantasy of a disillusioned young man who discovers a djinn—and other things in a bottle; "Poison Pen," by H. T. W. Bousfield, contains a pretty young grass widow and much malicious village gossip. The lavish colour section contains work by Doris and Anna Zinkeisen and Dame Laura Knight—names that need no introduction. Don't you think your friends—those in the Services particularly—would welcome these 88 pages of good cheer?

IT would be so unlike Christmas without THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of THE BYSTANDER for all in the house to enjoy. The next time you visit your bookstall or regular newsagent, ask for a copy to be reserved for you . . . and we have no doubt he will gladly deliver it to your home. A heavy demand is anticipated, so we venture to suggest that you act early. If your newsagent is on the phone, why not ring him now and say:

"WILL YOU PLEASE BE SURE TO SEND THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF 'THE BYSTANDER'."